

The Improvement Era



FEBRUARY, 1945

VOLUME 48 NUMBER 2

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

SALT LAKE CITY 2, UTAH

Your Gas Company
PRESENTS

THE FLAME FAMILY

Five happy helpers
To make your housework light;
Asking little in return—
Working day and night.



**i'M
SPEEDY**

Just turn a valve and there I am
...quick as a flash. I give you
full heat instantly, faster than
any other fuel. That's a fact.

**i'M
CLEANY**

I save you work and cleaning
bills. No smoke, soot or grime
when I'm on the job. Gas is
delivered clean, burns clean.

**i'M
STEADY**

Always there when you want me,
I never quit. I help you get meals
on time, keep hot water always on
tap. Yes, gas is the *dependable* fuel.

**i'M
FLEXY**

That's short for "flexible". I bend
to your will. I give you low heat,
high heat, any heat between. Your
slightest wish is my command.

**i'M
THRIFTY**

I see that you get more for your
money, and help you save. Gas is
the economy fuel.



MOUNTAIN FUEL SUPPLY COMPANY

Serving Utah and Wyoming

Exploring the Universe

By DR. FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

TO see both the Atlantic Ocean at New York City and the Pacific Ocean at San Francisco, 2,500 miles apart, a person would have to be two hundred miles above the earth halfway between the two, near Grand Island, Nebraska. But to see Leyte Island in the Philippines, and Tokyo, Japan, an elevation of 108 miles above the earth halfway in between would be enough, since they are closer together.

THE average water molecule, taken into the body by drinking, stays in the body for about thirteen days. An individual eliminates not liquid recently drunk but older water from the body's reservoir. This discovery was made possible by tracing the water in the body with sister molecules a little heavier or lighter than the majority of molecules of the same element. These isotopes and X-rays have been used by Georg von Hevesy to study atoms, for which he was awarded the Nobel prize in chemistry for 1943.

"LEAD" pencils in antiquity were small round plates of lead, but by the Middle Ages graphite was used instead. The first forerunner of the pencils in present form were the sticks of an alloy of lead and tin, and later silver, used by artists to make sketches. The first graphite pencil came into commerce in England about 1500, was later fastened in wood, and still later clay was mixed with the graphite as at present.

ACUTE asthma can be more satisfactorily relieved by a new drug, ethyl-norsuprarenin, a colorless, odorless, crystalline powder which can be injected under the skin, into the muscles or into the veins. The new drug acts in from one to five minutes and is effective from twenty minutes to an hour. Experiments at Stanford University indicate that less disagreeable reactions are experienced by the patient than from the better-known adrenaline.

ACIDOPHILUS milk paste has been found effective in healing wounds in Soviet hospitals, particularly with difficult wounds that would not respond to other standard treatments.

BECAUSE Spanish and English are both so prevalent in New Mexico, the state constitution in 1910 specified that all laws passed by the legislature should be published in both languages for the following twenty years. State court and legislative procedure are still somewhat bilingual.

FEBRUARY, 1945

What Could Be Nicer?



Tasty Snacks Made

With

Saltine Wafers

by PURITY



Margie Says...

TRY THIS LUSCIOUS MARMALADE BISCUIT RECIPE !



2 cups sifted enriched flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoonful salt
¼ cup Durkee's Troco
Margarine
¾ cup milk (about)
½ cup orange marmalade

Mix and sift dry ingredients; cut in margarine until well mixed; with a fork, quickly stir in enough milk to make a



Take a tip from Margie! Use delicious, smoothly blended Durkee's Troco Margarine. It's made by an improved process that churns the pure, nutritious vegetable oils right in with the fresh pasteurized skim milk... and every pound is enriched with 9,000 units of Vitamin A.

SPREAD • COOK • BAKE • FRY

PASTEURIZED
SKIM Milk ADDS
TO ITS GOODNESS

soft but not sticky dough. Turn out into a lightly floured board; knead for 30 seconds. Roll dough ¼ inch thick; cut into rounds with a 1½-inch biscuit cutter. Put a teaspoonful of marmalade on half of the rounds; cover with remaining rounds; press edges together with a fork. Bake in a very hot oven (450°) for 12 to 15 minutes. Serve piping hot with Durkee's Troco Margarine. Makes about 12 biscuits.

SO MILD..SO SWEET..SO COUNTRY-FRESH IN FLAVOR



The Cover

FOR February, the birth month of two of America's most beloved statesmen and heroes, we portray one of them on our cover—a head of Abraham Lincoln as a frontiersman—Lincoln the young man, showing the lines of character that indicate his quiet, determined heroism, even before he had been bowed down by the cares of a nation at war.

This bust is from a full-length statue, Lincoln the Frontiersman, by our own eminent sculptor Avard Fairbanks. The eight-foot bronze figure from which this was taken stands now in Honolulu.

✕

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The Improvement Era

FEBRUARY, 1945

VOLUME 48, NO. 2

"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

Official Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations, Department of Education, Music Committee, Ward Teachers, and Other Agencies of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

✕

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Change of Address:

Fifteen days' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change, please include stencil impression from a recent issue of the magazine. Address changes cannot be made unless the old address as well as the new one is included.

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All manuscripts must be accompanied by sufficient postage for delivery and return.

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FEBRUARY is a month of anticipation: the end of winter, or so, at least, the groundhog would have us believe; Valentine Day with its opportunity to show our love for family and friends; but of greatest significance are the birthdays of our two great presidents, Washington and Lincoln. This month should afford some time to learn more of our country for which they sacrificed so greatly—and whose sacrifices our boys overseas are matching right now. The way of democracy is not an easy way; let us learn its true value and determine to live by its truth.

Pottery-Making AMONG SOUTHWEST INDIANS

By DR. CHARLES E. DIBBLE

FOLLOWING the Basketmaker II period, a culture known as Basketmaker III appeared in the area of the San Juan River. The people were similar to their predecessors yet they were characterized as the first in the area to make pottery and to construct pit or slab houses.

We need only envisage the destruction of our china and metal dishes to realize the importance of pottery to the



BASKETMAKER III JAR SHOWING UNSMOOTHED COILS.—From Carnegie Institution publication No. 519, by E. H. Morris.

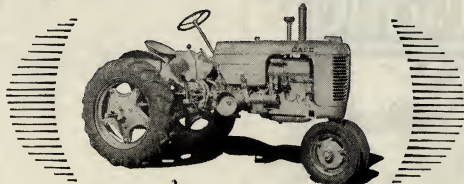
Indians of the Southwest. There are two theories to account for pottery in the San Juan area. Since pottery appears at an earlier date in Mexico, it is thought that the technique of pottery-making diffused from Mexico into the Southwest. This theory is supported by the appearance in Arizona of such Mexican traits as copper bells, clay figurines, pyrite mirrors, and ball courts. Other students of archaeology suggest that pottery was invented independently in the San Juan area. They point out that every step in the evolution of pottery-making is known in this area: baskets were first lined with clay; later, shredded bark and grass were added to keep the clay from cracking; and, eventually, the idea of hardening the clay in the fire was discovered.

Regardless of which theory of pottery origin is accepted, we know that the pottery made during the Basketmaker III period was coarse, with visible ribbon-like clay coils. The designs were geometric, as we would expect from a people who adopted earlier basket designs to pottery forms.

The pithouse dwellings of these people were circular slab-lined dwellings with a floor below the ground level. In size and form these early pithouses would resemble the modern Navaho hogan which is still in use in Navaho country.

FEBRUARY, 1945

What to Look for in a Modern Tractor



Model "VAC" Smallest of Three All-Purpose Tractors

FRONT-MOUNTED CULTIVATORS

When you cultivate with a Case all-purpose tractor you have a clear view of the work without turning your head or body. On side slopes, in curving rows, or among staggered hills, you don't care where the hind wheels go. That's because the shovels close to the row are also close to the front wheels. They respond instantly to Case Synchronized Steering, swing the same way you steer.

POWER-CONTROLLED IMPLEMENTS

For all three sizes of Case all-purpose tractors there are mounted cultivators that lift at a touch of the control on the tractor. For all Case tractors there are power-controlled plows, disk harrows, field tillers, drills and planters built to hold their depth regardless of hard ground or hard pulling. Gauge wheels, floating shoes, etc., are provided to assure accurate depth despite uneven ground under tractor wheels.

GOOD GROUND CLEARANCE

Plenty of room under the rear axle is only the beginning of the effective crop clearance you get in a Case all-purpose tractor. Its pivot axle, between the closely spaced front wheels, cannot injure the tops of plants. There is room under the engine for mounting implements where you can watch them at work; room to give them a high lift that guards against crop damage on the turns.

STANDING ROOM; SAFETY SEAT

You don't have to sit all day in one position, or take "time out" to get off and straighten up. As often as you like, without stopping, you can stand up for a "7th inning stretch." When you stand, the comfortable cushioned seat pushes back and up, forming a safety "back-stop." When you sit, you have a variety of natural foot-rest positions. You feel better at the end of the day.

POWER TAKE-OFF SEALED AND CENTERED

On Case all-purpose tractors the power take-off is put on "for keeps." It is always ready to use, never in the way. No opening of transmission, no danger of grit getting into gears and bearings. Power take-off is centered above drawbar, at right height for shaft to reach various machines without the sharp angles so hard on universal joints. Belt pulley is properly placed on right side.

CASE

Your Case dealer can help you in using and choosing tractors and machines for the modern farm practices. Ask him or write us for tractor folder, also booklets on contour tillage, terracing with your own plow, making high-protein hay. J. I. Case Co., Racine, Wis.



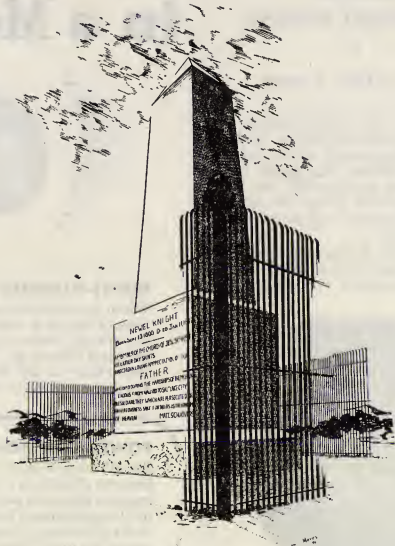


Western Pacific
is supplying
traveling
facilities
to the
Armed Forces
and those
on essential
business
between

SAN FRANCISCO
SALT LAKE CITY
DENVER
OMAHA
and
CHICAGO

WESTERN PACIFIC

• THE *Unfinished* FENCE



THIS drawing was sent to President George Albert Smith by Brother F. R. Mares of Niobrara, Nebraska. It is the work of Brother Mares' daughter.

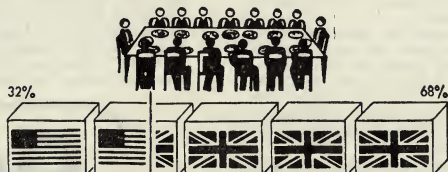
The unfinished fence is symbolic of the unfinished task of spreading the gospel of the Church of Jesus Christ which the pioneer Latter-day Saints so nobly advanced. For they gave their very lives and hallowed the ground where several of them died on the reservation of the Ponca Tribe of native Americans on the Niobrara River, near Niobrara, Nebraska, who befriended and invited

them there during the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Salt Lake City, Utah, in the winter of 1846-47 A.D.

As the iron fence around the monument is incomplete, so is the spreading of the gospel. The gospel is the cement of brotherly love and affection, and it is the duty of every man to continue the work of the Saints and carry it to his neighbor, in its fulness, until the world embraces it like a whole fence the monument, to the glory of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God. For, until then, there will be no peace on earth.

TELEFACT

REVERSED LEND-LEASE



68% of food eaten by American Forces
in England comes from British sources

PICTOGRAPH CORPORATION



1
JAKE: Mary, what do you say about putting another ten acres into freestone peaches?

MARY: Well maybe—but where will prices be when the trees come into bearing?



2
JAKE: Way I figure, *distribution* is the real key to future prices—and distribution methods are improving all the time.

MARY: How is that?



3
JAKE: Long as I've been farming, the Safeway people have been cutting down the "in-between costs." It's boosted our share of each dollar city folks pay for food.

MARY: But can Safeway alone do much good?



4
JAKE: It isn't Safeway alone. This streamlined method of food distribution Safeway pioneered is an idea that's spreading.

MARY: Good! I like the idea of streamlined distribution!



5
JAKE: Right you are! And say, did anybody ever tell you you're pretty streamlined yourself?

MARY: Hmm—time you got back to your bucksaw, you old timber wolf!

LOTS OF FARMERS THINK THIS WAY—for example, DAIRYMAN LAWRENCE CAINE:



"As milk producers, we're doing our level best to increase our production to help take care of extra demands during this war period. I believe in efficient distribution such as Safeway provides. By lowering in-between costs it allows consumers to get food at a saving. It also benefits producers."

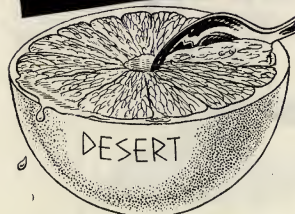
NOTE: Better than a third of our customers are farm folks. Find out why. Trade one full month at your Safeway grocer's—and see how much you save!

SAFEWAY THE NEIGHBORHOOD GROCERY STORES

SO JUICY-RICH IN GOODNESS

1/2 a Desert Grapefruit gives it!

Your primary supply
of Vitamin C



FROM this yellow-golden fruit... perfect for breakfast... you get an adult's primary supply of vitamin C... a grand start toward your full day's requirement.

And what a treat! Grapefruit so plump with tangy nectar it seems ready to burst. Spoon into half a juicy Desert Grapefruit tomorrow.

Or enjoy flavorful segments of it in a luncheon salad or in a frozen dessert. Or pour nutritious glassfuls of Desert Grapefruit Juice for all the family to enjoy. It's real "health from the desert."



**Morning, Noon
and Night**

—your body
needs Vitamin C
replenished daily



GRANDMOTHER'S QUILT

By Ellen Draper

GRANDMOTHER started her quilt at seven,
(I can see her now, with her shining
braid,
Her little-girl look of wondering pride
At the beauty her two little hands had
made!)

This bright bit was a doll's new frock,
(How pretty it looked on Jane Mariel)
This silk brocade was a dancing dress,
(That first sweet kiss by the Maywood
tree!)

This satin square was her bridal gown,
(Oh, remember her laugh and her swift,
glad tears!)

And so through her life—our grandmother
died
The day that she finished her quilt of years!

THE CHALLENGE

By Florence Alberta Wales

CAN you hand men peace and make it live?
As they were handed war—
An ultimatum for the death of hate:
A warranty to hold the sky secure for
planes—
And song of birds:
A command to beat their steel into ploughs
And instruments that whirl across the gold
Of ripened wheat,
Giants fit for hands of men
Whose brows burn with the martyr's feat?

Can you hand men peace, an active peace,
Where hands do not grow soft and muscles
Feel the taut hard pull and strength
Of fighting men who ease their hunger
With hard crusts—and grin?
Can you hand men peace and make it worth
Their while to endure, the triumph
Of war that is not death to strive?
Can you hand men peace
And keep the conquerors alive?

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

By Andrew M. Andersen

GOD of the changing ages,
I pray to Thee
For a vision of eternal clearness,
For the gift of tongues beyond language.

These who are young
Fly effortless into incredible heights,
Until mountain ranges appear to them
As bands of sheep,
Trailing off to the rim of the world,

While I, and my generation
Climb mountains strenuously
Step by step.

LET GROUNDHOG FEAR HIS SHADOW

By Lucretia Penny

I KEEP in mind while struggling
I With blasts and slush and soot,
That even the toughest season
At last gets an itching foot.

Poetry

VALENTINES

By Annie Laurie Bird

TODAY I brought from their storage place
These bits of fragile paper lace,
Those crushed red hearts, these Cupids too,
With verses—old, yet ever new—
The valentines of years ago.

Just drab reminder, did you say,
Of some forgotten by-gone day?

Ah no! Such treasured trifles stir
My memory, and through the blur
Of years recall those precious hours
Of love and happiness—high towers
Along life's way of joy and woe.

The valentines from childhood chums,
From that first beau, from youths whom
drams
Of war have called to serve, from girls
And boys now far away, are pearls
Of priceless worth to me; for lo,

Each recreates those shining, gay,
Glad moments of some Valentine Day.



NO ILL WIND

By Janet Moore

A WOMAN came from the gale-whipped
shack
Beside the sagebrush trail to fill
Our tank. Above the roar, I asked,
"And does the wind forever shrill
Like this?" She nodded, "Mostly, ma'am;
But, oh, it's lonely when it's still."

To her desert heart, the wind peace-free
Spelled sibilant leaf and trumpet sea.

WORDS

By Della Adams Leitner

WORDS are so many things—the saber's
thrust,
The high wall of defense against the foe,
The acid that corrodes, the rust that eats
And dims the metal of the blade below.

Words are the sparkling beauty of the dawn
Unfolding loveliness; they are the light
That penetrates the gloom. Words are the
shawl

To shield us from the chill and damp of
night.

Words cover and reveal and wound and
bless,
Comfort and curse—the choice to us as-
signed.

Oh, may my words be filled with love and
truth.

Dictated from a heart that would be kind.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

FAITH

By Gene Romolo

DESCENDING on white pinions from the sky,
King Winter comes. He builds his bastions high,
With sparkling turrets crystallized by breath
Of Boreas and his cold kiss of death;
But I know well that spring will reappear
And, like a knight of old, with his good spear,
Will tilt with winter, lay his bastions low
And cause the blood of life again to flow
With rhythmic throb through artery and vein
Of nature's heart, and earth will answer make
In leaf and bloom, and song of birds awake
In throats that have been silent through the hours
Of waiting for rebirth of grass and flowers.

WOMAN RIDDLE

By Louise Leighton

SMALL duties spring around me like the grass:
At first a tender green, then turning dry
As the season wanes, leaving those who pass
Oblivious, till the stalks are stiff and high.

My windows hold as in a frame a place
Of far-flung beauty, flowered hills, the sea.
A trail that dips and flows to blue-arched space,
Away from shabby walls that compass me.

But when I seek for freedom at each door,
I find no exit there; some ways are barred
And locked with hopeless keys. I stop before
Dark hallways insecurely built or charred

By ancient fires, and finally I ask
Of Him with mind unsearchable, profound:
"Why must I linger with an endless task?
What have you hid from me? Why am I bound?"

I stare into the mirror that holds the same
Green land and sky, but darkly as in a well—
The beauty echoed from the window frame,
And a woman waiting, bound by an ancient spell.

THEN

By Artie E. Appleton

OH, let's not ask that awful Miss Ball
To dinner, or luncheon, or even to call.
It's "I can't eat butter, I mustn't take cream,
As for cake or pie, I wouldn't dream!"
She's a terrible bore, you can't deny it,
That awful Miss B. is still on a diet.

NOW

We better invite that nice Miss B.
She's as perfect a guest as one could be.
She'll pass up the butter and second's on meat;
She refuses the pie and cake won't eat.
As for sugar and cream, she'll only eye it,
That lovely Miss B. is still on her diet!

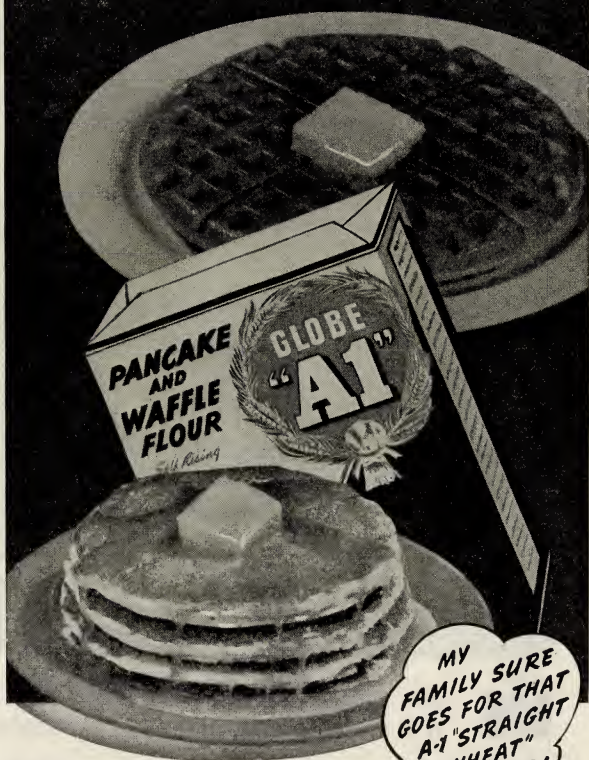
EROSIVES

By Thelma Ireland

EROSION is a mighty force
That slowly carves a subtle trace.
Life is a famous sculptor, too;
It carves out thought lines on each face.

A-1 DOUBLE FEATURE

...and how your family will applaud!



THERE'S A SPECIAL REASON for the tremendous popularity of these golden waffles and tender pancakes! It's that famous "straight-wheat" flavor . . . the result of using only *wheat* flour, combined with *buttermilk* and *five other baking ingredients*, especially blended for your convenience. For easy, delicious pancakes all you do is add milk or water to the ready-mixed 'Globe "A1" Pancake and Waffle Flour, stir and bake. A-1 waffles are an *all-time* hit, too . . . just try the recipe on the box for breakfast, lunch or supper.



GLOBE A-1

PANCAKE AND WAFFLE FLOUR



SYMBOL OF SERVICE
to the
AMERICAN FARMER



This Symbol Means: "Product of INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER"
It is the Mark of QUALITY and EXPERIENCE...

YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT the name International Harvester has been a rallying call to Agriculture. Season after season the American farmers have relied on Harvester for new machines and new methods in farm operation. We have marched in step together—fast—to better farming and higher standards... All this began with the invention of the Reaper by Cyrus McCormick, in 1831.

Today Harvester gives you a new symbol to remember. A new emblem that means the same as International Harvester. A new mark by which we dedicate all of our products to *Your Service*.

International Harvester has great things in store for your future on the farm. You have

heard of some of the plans we have made. We have told you something of the automatic 1-man hay balers... self-propelled combines... 1- and 2-row mechanical cotton pickers... modern farm refrigeration... easier control of Farmall implements... We have announced these new products reluctantly. We cannot build them in quantity.

Volume production must wait on Victory. When Peace comes, things will be different. You may take the symbol displayed here as our pledge, and the pledge of our dealers, that International Harvester will lead the way, as always, to Agriculture's future.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois


Send for Handsome
Souvenir Booklet



What's a
"Kelp-Cutter?"

It's a deadly war machine with a robot brain. Send for this free 32-page booklet. Read about Harvester's two-fold manufacture for war—for the *battlefront* and the *food front*. Just say "Send me the Kelp-Cutter story." Mail a postcard or letter to the address at left.

BUY MORE BONDS AND KEEP THEM

Let this  Symbol be YOUR GUIDE

TO . . .

A Puritan Grandmother

By

Arthur Wallace

Peach

THEY say you lived in stern
and rigorous days
Of precepts carved in
bleak and rigid phrase.

From beauty's face your maiden
eyes withdrew
Lest her gay wiles might net
and capture you.

You ruled your household with
unbending will
And guided other lives with
sturdy skill.

So others say in passing, but
I know
That you loved some one long
and long ago.

And he loved you. You faced
the burdened years
With faith that had no need
for futile tears;

And in your eyes are secrets,
sweet and dim,
That he once shared with you
and you with him.

They may be right who glance
at you and say,
"We have so much she missed
in her far day."

If so, whence came the truth
beyond surmise,
The deep contentment in your
gentle eyes?



—Sculptor: Henry Kitson, Lee,
Massachusetts; Photographed
by Publishers' Photo Service,
New York.

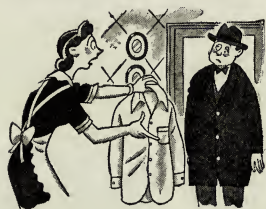
If at first you don't succeed....

(A SEQUEL)



If you've got a little grocer
Who is worn and sad and gray—
And you ask your little grocer
For Fels-Naptha Soap **today!**

If you nag him and you scold him
Even try your cutest tricks
Yet in spite of all you've told him,
He continues to say "Nix."



Don't accuse the man of hoaxing
Don't mistrust his empty shelf—
Think of Mrs. Grocer 'coaxing'
For Fels-Naptha Soap, herself!

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE" GRAY



IMPETUOUS

By Dorothy B. Elfstrom

SHE never should have kissed him in the first place—she realized that—especially in the presence of such a crowd. Now they were all gaping at her; at least, they seemed to be. She saw an old man cover his face with his hand, to suppress a grin, she supposed.

Why was she always so impetuous? She had no right to do it, and yet, without even stopping to think, she had rushed up and thrown her arms about his neck and kissed him—

"Oh, dear!" she pulled her coat collar closer about her neck. She knew that she must be blushing, fiercely; her face felt hot and flushed, but then she supposed this was the reaction of the kiss as much as anything—after all, when a girl kisses a man, she's supposed to get all jittery inside. That's what Aunt Mattie always said.

Well, anyway, it was worth it. It had been thrilling! There was no question about that. She might even do it again if these people would all go away. He was so handsome—standing there—and he hadn't seemed to mind. In fact, she fancied that he smiled, a kind, friendly smile.

And after all, a girl didn't get the chance to come to New York every day in the week. It was only on special occasions that her family drove the two hundred miles, like when there was a new baby in the family. So she didn't get to see her favorite hero very often.

"What do I care about the mob?" Janie tossed her curls, using her mother's pet expression, and deliberately she kissed him again.

And if George Washington at that moment, from his heavenly domain, had happened to be glancing down at the statue erected in his honor, he probably did smile—a benevolent smile, on this impetuous little nine-year-old admirer.



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

When Disappointments Come

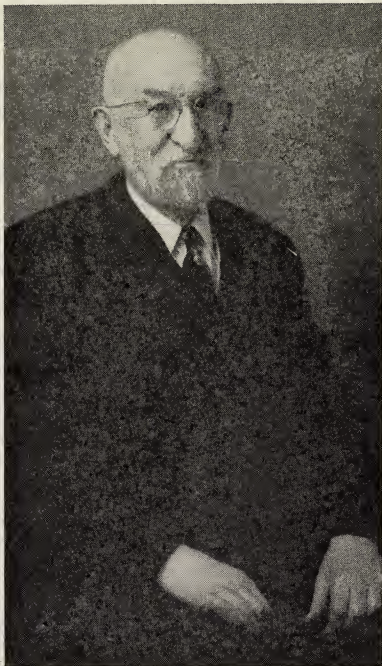
By PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

I KNOW that the Lord blesses us from day to day with the ambition to do the right thing, provided we keep the right spirit; and by keeping the right spirit I feel that he will open up our way to do the things that are for the best, and will prosper us in our efforts. We will be blessed beyond all that we could possibly ask if we will only keep the spirit of wanting to know what the Lord would have us do, rather than the spirit of insisting upon our own views and opinions and ambitions.

Of course, being blessed does not mean that we shall always be spared all of the disappointments and difficulties of life. We all have them, even though our troubles differ. I have not had the same kind of trials that others have had to undergo, yet I have had my full share. When, as a young man, I lost my wife and my only two sons, I was earnestly trying with all my heart to keep the commandments of the Lord, and my household and I were observing the Word of Wisdom and entitled to the blessings of life. I have been sorely tried and tempted, but I am thankful to say that the trials and temptations have not been any greater than I was able to endure, and with all my heart I hope that I may never have anything more to endure than I will be blessed of the Lord with the ability to withstand.

I know that at times even when we are keeping the commandments of the Lord, things seem for the moment to go against us, and we become despondent and hardly know what to do or where to turn. I will say that I had just such feelings when I was president of the Tooele Stake, and for some time after I became an apostle, and I had them time and time again during and after the panic of 1893, for fear that I was to go into financial ruin, and it was a sore trial to think of such a thing when I had tried all the days of my life to serve the Lord.

President Lorenzo Snow.



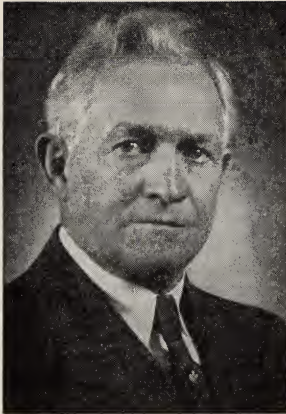
after he was eighty and had been a successful business man, had to endure the humiliation of a failure in business, and he took it with such fortitude and with such a spirit of resignation to the will of our Father in heaven that I have been ashamed to think that the idea of complaining at any of the troubles that I have had in the past has ever entered my head. But think what must have been President Snow's great satisfaction when even later in life he was the instrument, in the hands of God, in helping to relieve the Church from debt.

Our lives will never cease to be acceptable to the Lord so long as we do no evil and set a good example before our families, and before all men; and when we are living such lives, it is the power of the adversary that would give us the impression that we are not doing anything and that our lives are a failure. The devil would like to discourage us, so that

the good we could accomplish would be lost. He would be delighted to block the wheels of our success for fear that some good to the work of the Lord Jesus Christ will be done, but he will never succeed if you and I will be humble and will keep the Lord's commandments at all times in a plain and simple way and to the best of our ability.

Eternal life is the great prize, and it will be ours, and the joy of our Father in heaven in welcoming us will be great if we do right; and there is nothing so great that can be done in this life by any one, as to do right. The Lord will hear and answer the prayers we offer to him and give us success if it is for our best good. He never will and never has forsaken those who serve him with full purpose of heart; and the temptations that come from below, although strong, never are successful if we are faithful. But we must always be prepared to say "Father, thy will be done," and leave the time and the manner and the nature of our blessings to God in his wisdom.

The Editor's Page



PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. (Luke 2:11.)

THIS sentence taken from the glorious announcement of the birth of Jesus, implies the answer to Mr. William Hard's question in his article published in *The Reader's Digest*: "We could cry to God: Is there no better way for men on earth to live?"

Yes, there is a better way, and the "Glad Tidings" of that way are given to all people. For unto all the world was born that day "in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord."

In reviewing my notes in preparation for this occasion, I found the following statement made from this rostrum seven years ago, almost to the day and hour:

Today civilized nations are sitting on a mountain of explosives, accumulated in defiance of Christ's teachings. Let the heat of hatred, suspicion, and greed become a little more intense, and there will be such an international explosion as will greatly retard if not forcefully drive from the midst of mankind the hope of the peace heralded by the heavenly hosts when the Son of Man was born. The good will that was to usher in universal brotherhood will be replaced by envy, greed, and hatred, and resultant misery and death.

That was Wednesday, December 15, 1937.

In the following year, 1938, Adolph Hitler, the world's most notoriously brutal gangster, invaded Czechoslovakia. Four years later, December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, one result of which was to plunge the United States into the world-wide conflagration. Towns have been obliterated, millions of soldiers have lost their lives, more millions of civilians have suffered casualties, death, starvation, and torture, and the entire civilized world upset politically, economically, morally.

Mr. William P. King, in *The Practice of the Principles of Jesus*, is not far wrong when he says:

Mankind has tried everything except Christianity. The world has tried hatred, greed, impurity, graft, self-interest, and has been brought to the brink of perdition. It is curious that we must stand up in the twentieth century and plead with the people who bear His name, that Jesus Christ was not a foolish ruler, a visionary leader, that His word is the illuminating word; that His way is the living way, that it is only safe to trust and follow Him. The Church must repent of her lukewarmness, and rebuke with prophetic wrath the selfishness of men and break her cowardly silence, and say to the world: "We have let you run affairs after selfish, pagan methods until you have come unto the brink of ruin. Unless you Christianize your industrial system it cannot last. Unless you Christianize your institutions they cannot endure. Other foundations can no man lay than that which is laid by Jesus Christ." Too long have we imagined that the principles of Christ were for some other world. We have put the kingdom He came to establish beyond the stars, but this was not the purpose of His mission, this is not the meaning of His gospel. His laws are to be followed in the world in which we live, now and here, in street and market and fac-

The survey asked these questions:

"Have you attended a religious service within the past four weeks?" Fifty-eight percent of those questioned said they had, while forty-two percent said they had not.

"Do you personally believe in a God?"

Ninety-six percent said they did; one percent said they did not; another three percent said they were undecided.

The survey indicates, however, that the people of the United States believe in God and in immortality.

However, a mere mental acceptance of Jesus as a Great Teacher, or even as the greatest man that ever lived, is not sufficient to bring happiness and peace. The essential thing is to have faith in Christ as a divine Being, as the Lord and Savior. It is such faith as the Apostle Peter experienced when he declared: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." It is such faith as that which called forth Paul's testimony as he stood a prisoner before Agrippa, and bore witness that Christ had appeared to him and said: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." It is such faith as enabled the

... THE people of the United States believe in God and in immortality.

tory. It will only be through obedience to moral law, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Golden Rule, and wholehearted response to the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and a suffering love of Jesus Christ that there can ever be frictionless society in our world.

AS late as December 9, 1944, George Gallup, director of the American Institute of Public Opinion, dared to answer the question of how fundamentally religious the American people are. For example, how many people believe in a God, and how many deny the existence of a God? The survey found that ninety-six percent believe that there is a God, and approximately three adults in every four say that they be-

doubting Thomas to say: "My Lord, and my God!" It is such a faith as must have sustained the eleven apostles and at least seventy disciples who met Christ after the Resurrection. In their minds there was absolutely no doubt of his personality. They were witnesses of the fact. They knew because "their eyes beheld, their ears heard, their hands felt the corporeal presence of the risen Redeemer." It is that unwavering faith which brought forth this glorious vision given to the Prophet Joseph Smith:

And now, after the many testimonies which have been given of him, this is the testimony, last of all, which we give of him: That he lives!

For we saw him, even on the right hand of

A BELIEF, however, is valueless unless conduct among one's fellow men is in accord with that belief.

lieve that there is life after death. Even the young people—the group traditionally supposed to be iconoclastic and skeptical—show a high degree of faith in a life after death. Seven out of every ten persons below the age of thirty say that they believe in the concept of a hereafter.

God; and we heard the voice bearing record that he is the Only Begotten of the Father—

That by him, and through him, and of him, the worlds are and were created, and the inhabitants thereof are begotten sons and daughters unto God. (D. & C. 76:22, 24.)

Those who have such an assurance in their hearts accept him as "the way, the

By President David O. McKay

OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

(Address delivered by President David O. McKay at the Christmas service of Brigham Young University, Joseph Smith Memorial Hall, Tuesday, December 19, 1944, at 11:00 a.m.)

truth, and the life," as the one safe guide in this perplexing universe.

But even such unwavering assurance of Christ's divine mission is insufficient unless it expresses itself in daily acts. The nations at war are professedly Christian nations. Though they worship in about six hundred different churches, they profess to worship God as their Creator, and many accept the Christ as their redeemer.

A belief, however, is valueless unless conduct among one's fellow men is in accord with that belief.

A YOUNG boy who was recently in the great battle of the Philippines told me before that battle, the highest number that attended a religious service was forty-seven. After that three-day battle, however, the attendance jumped to two hundred seventy-four. At one service there were five hundred present. It would seem that with most people it takes something out of the ordinary, a great calamity, or the realization of the nearness of death, to make them realize that their faith in God and in an hereafter must find expression in daily acts. Unless such expression springs from a sincere heart, it will have little or no avail.

In August 1899, the steamship *City of Rome* collided with an iceberg just off the coast of Newfoundland. There was panic aboard the vessel, and for a time passengers wondered whether they would have to take to the life boats. Among those passengers was one who professed belief in God and in the restored gospel, but had actually not conformed to his belief. He would not participate in worship, he violated the Word of Wisdom, and assumed generally a careless attitude toward things religious. Every morning from the time that boat left Glasgow Harbor until the morning of the collision this gentleman had taken his coffee at breakfast. At the moment of the collision he was at the bar. Strange as it may seem, in the hour of imminent danger he was the first of his group to suggest that they retire for prayer and seek God's protection. The vessel made no progress that night, a sleepless one for this particular passenger. Next morning he ordered neither tea nor coffee, and, seeing this, one of his companions said: "What's the matter, 'Doctor'? Aren't you going to have your coffee this morning?"

"No sir," came the prompt reply.

And then seemingly in all earnestness he added: "I am not going to taste another drop of tea or coffee until we get to New York!"

No self-denial, no outward act, no pretense can conceal from the Lord an insincere heart.

Jesus' birth was heralded by heavenly hosts praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest, and on

THE love of the world is incompatible with the love of God.

earth peace, good will toward men." Thus with this announcement we have these glorious ideals—faith in God, peace, and brotherhood.

"Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," is the first great commandment, and in the first Epistle of John we read:

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. (1 John 2:15-17.)

The love of the world is incompatible

A NOBLE and godlike character is not a thing of favor or chance, but is the natural result of continued effort and right thinking, the effect of long-cherished association with godlike thoughts.

with the love of God. On this truth the following from Frederick W. Robertson is most pertinent:

We must love something. If not the love of the Father, then, of necessity the love of the world. Love misplaced, or love rightly placed—you have your choice between these two; you have not your choice between loving God or nothing. No man is sufficient for himself. Every man must go out of himself for enjoyment. Something in this universe besides himself there must be to bind the affections of every man. There is that within us which compels us to attach ourselves to something outward. The choice is not this—Love, or be without love. You

cannot give the pent-up steam its choice of moving or not moving. It must move one way or the other: the right way or the wrong way. Direct it rightly, and its energy rolls the engine wheels smoothly on their track: block up the passage, and it bounds away, a thing of madness and ruin. Stop it you cannot; it will rather burst. So it is with our hearts. There is a pent-up energy of love, gigantic for good or evil. Its right way is in the direction of our Eternal Father: and then let it boil and pant as it will, the course of man is smooth. Expel the love of God from the bosom—what then? Will the passion that is within cease to burn? Nay. Tie the man down—let there be no outlet for his affections—let him attach himself to nothing, and become a loveless spirit in this universe, and then there is what we call a broken heart: the steam bursts the machinery that contains it. Or else let him take his course, unfettered and free, and then we have the riot of worldliness—a man with strong affections thrown off the line, tearing himself to pieces, and carrying desolation along with him. Let us comprehend our own nature, ourselves, and our destinies. God is our Rest, the only one that can quench

the fever of our desire. God in Christ is what we want. When men quit that, so that the love of the Father is not in them, then they must perforce turn aside: the nobler heart to break with disappointment—the meaner heart to love the world instead, and sate and satisfy itself as best it may on things that perish in the using. Herein lies the secret of our being, in this world of the affections. This explains why our noblest feelings lie so close to our basest—why the noblest so easily warn them of what they themselves must come to at last. Have they never marked the dull and sated look that they cast upon the whole scene, as upon a thing which they would enjoy but upon a thing which they would never have? Know you what you have been looking on? A sated worldling—one to whom pleasure was rapture once, as it is to you now. Thirty years more, that look and that place will be yours: and that is the way the world rewards its veterans; it chains

them after the "lust of the world" has passed away.

PEACE HAS ITS SOURCE IN THE INDIVIDUAL HEART

THE poet Burns was thinking clearly when he wrote:

If happiness hae not her seat
And centre in the breast
We may be wise, or rich, or great
But never can be blest:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang.

(Continued on page 103)

A MORMON WIFE • *The Life Story*



"THE ARABELLA" FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY J. B. FAIRBANKS WHICH HANGS IN THE HOME OF AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT

IV

LEGACIES OF THE PAST

From her childhood, my mother was taught by her mother to understand and live that way of life known as "Mormonism." For this faith, her parents, her grandparents and even her great-grandparents on both her father's and mother's side were willing to sacrifice their all. Because she is not of the proselyting type herself, one must know her intimately to understand how deep-rooted her convictions are. Every act of her daily life is motivated by a firm belief in the religion of her fathers. Yet hers is a joyous creed. She has no use for "religion of the long-faced variety."

Because she possesses many of the traits which characterized her New England forbears, it is natural that she should enjoy opening the book of the past and perusing the record of those stalwart ancestors. She finds in the annals of her forefathers, tales to quicken the pulse and stir the imagination. With pardonable pride, she traces, back of her Mormon pioneer progenitors, revolutionary stock from whom she is directly descended. Beyond these patriots in both her father's and mother's lines, sober-minded Puritans, and still farther back, in the time of Queen Mary, a predecessor who gave his life, a martyr for the Protestant cause. The story of the hardships and persecutions heroically endured by her ancestors built in my mother's character the necessary fortitude to stand firmly for her own religious convictions when, later as a polygamous wife, persecution surrounded her.

MATERNAL ANCESTORS

In Augusta's childhood, much family history was learned from Grandmother

Pratt, as in the long winter evenings she told the children gathered about the hearth exciting tales concerning Kirtland, Far West, Nauvoo, Winter Quarters, and the long trek across the plains to Utah. Augusta retains to this day a memory picture of her handsome grandmother sitting very straight in her high-backed chair, her hands always busy with her fine lace "netting" of which she made yard upon yard. This netting was used on all of her underthings as well as to trim the linen squares spun by herself which adorned the table in the parlor. "She never seemed like an old woman," Augusta relates, "for she had robust health and to the day of her death at the age of eighty-two, her wavy black hair had only two streaks of gray in it. She wore it parted in the middle and twisted into a 'French roll' at the back where it was held in place by an ornamental comb."

First, so my mother recalls in the recital of her early experiences, would come the story of Grandmother Pratt's conversion to the Mormon faith.

"In August 1836," she would begin, "Apostles Brigham Young, David Paten, and others of the leaders of the Church came down through Vermont and New Hampshire and held conference in my native town of Bethel, Maine. My brother, Orange Frost, was the first of our family to hear the gospel and when he came home, he said, 'Mother, I would carry you twenty miles the darkest night that ever was to hear such a sermon as I have heard tonight.' Brigham Young and his associates were great men and powerful preachers."

Augusta recalls how her grandmoth-

er's face lighted up as she "bore her testimony." Concerning the gospel she used to say, "Being converted to the truthfulness of its doctrines by the first sermon I ever heard, I said in my heart, 'If there are only three who hold firm to the faith, I will be one of that number.' And through all the persecutions I have had to endure, I have ever felt the same way; my heart has never swerved from that resolve."

"One doctrine taught by the new faith appealed in particular to Grandmother Pratt," says my mother. "This was redemption for the dead. She deeply mourned the loss of her young husband Nathan Stearns and the thought that he, though gone to the great beyond, might have the opportunity to understand and accept the gospel gave her the greatest consolation."

AUGUSTA delighted particularly in one poignant story concerning her grandfather, Nathan Stearns. This she still reads, for it is preserved in the words of her own mother.

"My handsome young father," wrote Mary-Ann Winters, "had been a lieutenant in the state militia and had worn a nice uniform of blue broadcloth with brass buttons. This cherished possession my mother, with tears of loving memory, used often to show me as she told me about him. At such times I could better realize that I had truly had a father and it almost seemed that he was with us in person for the time being. But there was a Brother 'W' that had been called to go upon a mission for the Church, and he was destitute of suitable clothing for the journey and could not go until he had a supply. And a friend that knew about the uniform hinted to Mother that 'it would just about fit Brother 'W' and would be very acceptable at the time.' At first Mother could not entertain the idea for a moment, but upon further reflection her conscience would not allow her to hold back any treasure that the gospel called for. Accordingly Mother removed the bright buttons and replaced them with civilian buttons and, with many tears, we looked upon the uniform for the last time, Mother telling me always to remember it as having been worn by my dear father. I think I will never know just what the sacrifice cost her."

Dying young and leaving only little Mary-Ann to bear his name, Nathan Stearns was, in longevity and number of children, a decided exception to the rule of his forbears. Nathan himself was the seventh in a family of eleven children, and his father, Charles Stearns, lived to be eighty-four years old. Nathan's grandfather, John Stearns, had twelve children, his great-grandfather, Josiah, eleven, and his great-great-grandfather, also named John, was called father by fifteen children.

of Augusta Winters Grant

By MARY GRANT JUDD

DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT HEBER J. AND
AUGUSTA WINTERS GRANT



The first of Nathan's progenitors of whom there is definite record was the grandfather of this last mentioned John and was named Isaac.

From an old record it is interesting to read that just nine years after the sailing of the *Mayflower*, "in the morning of April 8, 1630, the good ship *Arabella* set sail for the new world from Yarmouth, England. Isaac Stearns and family, Sir Richard Saltonstall, Rev. George Phillips, Governor Winthrop, and many others were among the passengers." John Winthrop who, in England, had been elected governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, believed that the finger of God pointed to the secure establishment of the reformed faith in the new world by a colony of pious, self-denying men willing to give their lives and fortunes to the undertaking.

The sailing vessel *Arabella* which was admiral of the fleet that brought Isaac Stearns to America is described as hav-

to anchor [at Salem, Mass.] on the 12th of June, 1630, old style.

Governor Winthrop's quaint description of the landing has been preserved; "Saturday, 12, about four in the morning we were near our port. We shot off two pieces of ordnance and sent our skiff to Mr. Pierce, his ship."

This Mr. Pierce and others came aboard to give a hearty welcome to the weary but joyful voyagers. Governor Winthrop continues, "We that were of the assistants and some other gentlemen and some of the women and our captain returned with them . . . where we supped with a good venison pastry and good beer and at night we returned to our ship. In the meantime most of our people went on shore upon the land of Cape Ann, which lay very near us, and gathered a store of fine strawberries.

As she recounted the story of the *Arabella*, Grandmother Pratt had a picture of the vessel to exhibit to her

the part the good ship *Arabella* had played in the lives of her ancestors, she had J. B. Fairbanks, one of our Utah artists, make an oil painting of it which hangs on a wall of her home today.

PATERNAL ANCESTORS

WHEN, on that fateful night of the twenty-fifth of December, 1776, George Washington led his troops across the ice-bound Delaware River, there marched with his men a lad of only fourteen years, wildly beating a drum and doing his bit to encourage the half-frozen soldiers who finally met and repulsed the enemy. This drummer boy was no other than Gideon Burdick, great-grandfather of Augusta Winters Grant. Oscar Winters, Augusta's father, had often heard this story from his grandfather's own lips, for he was twenty-one years old before Gideon died.

One pretty story concerning their great-grandfather was a particular favorite with the Winters children. It is told of him that one morning he went into the field to labor and hung his coat upon a fence post. By night he found that a little bird had built its nest in the sleeve. Rather than disturb the nest, Gideon Burdick left the coat there until the young were hatched and able to leave.

The original Burdick in the new world, so the family record states, was Robert, great-great-grandfather of Gideon, who came from England in 1651. He sympathized with such free-minded teachers as Roger Williams, Benedict Arnold (ancestor of General Arnold of Revolutionary fame), and Samuel Hubbard. To escape the intolerance of those who, having come to America for religious freedom, should have shown a more understanding attitude, these men fled into a farther wilderness among the Narragansett Indians and founded Rhode Island, the first colony in America really to establish religious freedom.

History records that Robert Burdick was admitted a freeman in May 1655 and was married the following November to Ruth Hubbard, daughter of Samuel Hubbard and the first white child born at Agawam (now Springfield), Massachusetts. Just at this time a bitter dispute was on between the large colony of Massachusetts and the small colony of Rhode Island concerning possession of a tract of Indian land. The Rhode

(Continued on page 109)



THE MARKER ON THE GRAVE OF
REBECCA BURDICK WINTERS
AS IT LOOKED WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED

ing been "a ship of 350 tons burden, carrying twenty-eight guns, fifty-two seamen, with Captain Nathaniel Melbourn master and part owner." The *Arabella* and her consorts experienced a stormy passage and on the 8th of June a wild pigeon came into the ship. It was not until the 76th day that they came

grandchildren. When the little girl who had been Augusta Winters had grown to womanhood, this picture came into her possession. Remembering how as a child she had sat enthralled as she heard

IS THERE A GULF BETWEEN US AND OUR CHILDREN?

By Marvin O. Ashton

OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC



THE other day in calling at a farmhouse, I observed in the big yard a picture about like the sketch above.

I don't believe the fellow who put those duck eggs under that unsuspecting hen realized what nervous tension the mother would be under a few weeks later. As soon as the old hen left the nest with her brood, lo and behold, they made for the water. In a jiffy they acted as if they had had six months' training in swimming, diving, and aquatic gymnastics. Please note the good time they are having splashing about, and then look at the consternation of that poor parent. In plain American English, she's a nervous wreck, and they're in ecstasy. They are in a merry world, following the impulses of youth—she is in a world of fretting and stewing. In other words, there is a gulf between her and her children.

Now don't take all the details of this comparison too literally, or this illustration will miss the mark. But, when I see parents who do not understand the frolics of youth and want to hold the youth to the confines of the tendencies

of adults, I think of that old hen with her ducklings. Those little fellows with their heads under water won't drown; they'll come up. That little urchin scampering to the other edge of the pool will get back. One of the saddest things in life is to find parents who either never had a normal childhood or forget what they liked to do as children. It is a good thing for some parents that they do forget what they used to do, or they'd wake up sometime with a nightmare.

A father, unconscious of his own status, was heard to say, "My son will be the worst rascal in town when I die." His friend whose memory was a little better, exclaimed, "Yes, but not until then." Mr. and Mrs. Parent, do you have the viewpoint of youth, or are you lacking the sympathy for youth that makes you loved by them? If you have faith in youth, half of your troubles are over.

PROBABLY no man who has graced our Church history loved youth more than William A. Morton. He had great influence with them because he under-

stood them. He tells a beautiful story of an old cat and her kittens. He was stopping at a lodging house in Liverpool. While sitting in the dining room one day, his attention was called to this mouser and her half-grown family on the floor near him. Mrs. Cat was having quite a time with a gray and white member of her active brood which was always getting into mischief. It tangled up the yarn, climbed up the tablecloth, and nearly knocked a plate and saucer off the shelf. Brother Morton says it was amusing to see the old mother cat continually go up to the unruly member of her family and correct it by slapping it on the head with her paw. The prodigal kitten was so interesting in her capers that, he says, the distinctiveness of the kitten from its brothers and sisters was vividly impressed upon him. He could not forget its gray and white markings.

The interesting part of this story is that Brother Morton called at the same lodging home a year later. Again he was entertained by a cat and her brood on the dining room floor. What held his attention even more was that this time

(Concluded on page 111)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

JOHN MARTIN looked at the linen cloth Sarah was folding to put back in the layers of tissue in the trunk. "Wonder what your aristocratic parents would think, Sarah, had they known the precious linen they carried from England would ever grace so meager a table?"

"My father would have said, 'Make good use of the linen, lass. You'll na hae much of it where you're going to the Land o' Zion.'"

They both laughed, then grew sober, remembering their trek from Salt Lake City to Ogden, and the many uses the linen had served. There had been six pieces at first, but now there were only three—the large cloth and two smaller ones. One piece had been used as a signal flag; another as a food hamper at a bowery picnic; another as a shroud for sister Connie's baby.

John sighed as he looked at Sarah. Her beauty was there as always—the fine-spun hair, oval face, and the wide-eyed breathlessness that made all she said and did seem to take on the sheen

of adventurous living. Their year of marriage, though the hardest in both their lives, had still been one of high hopes and dreams—even in the face of actual hunger.

Lately Sarah's oval face had taken on a sharper profile and the pallor she had acquired was transparent and almost ethereal.

"Women look that way when they're pregnant," Sarah's sister, Connie, had said with practical emphasis. But John was not convinced. For the past six weeks, while waiting for the crops

to mature, they had eaten nothing but weed-greens and sago bulbs.

No crops—and Sarah soon to have her child. John had prayed that morning for guidance. As he came up the hill toward the cabin, the answer had come, and John was filled with prophecy. His shadow darkened the doorway. He was looking toward the west, his bearded chin and lips trembling in his eagerness. "My girl, we're going to have a new home. Acres of wheat and corn and potatoes. I see a white house on a

(Continued on page 107)

WHITE LINEN

(BASED ON A TRUE STORY)

By LaRene King Blecker



Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home:
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

—Wordsworth

THIS LIFE *a Preparation*

EVEN the savage does not think of death as ending man's existence. He feels in his soul that his spirit lives somewhere in the great beyond; somewhere where he may hunt and fish and see the sun and walk out under the stars without hurt or fear. He is much like civilized man in this. His life hangs on conditions of morality without the body's power to fulfil them. The lot of man after death is conceived on the moral worth of man's earthly life. We have pointed out how the ancient Egyptians believed that the future life was dependent on the good conduct of man on this earth. The savage believed that the sun was the source of Light, and Light was in eternal conflict with the darkness of the night. Naturally the beyond was peopled with beings quite like men on the earth. Death was, however, always a mystery. Deep in the souls of men, there has been the power to designate right from wrong. In designating right, there was the thought that there was a distinct and distant heaven with its fields of plenty and rivers and mountains and trees of plenty.

Some years ago there was published a little book entitled *The Soul of the Indian*, by Charles Alexander Eastman, a Sioux Indian who has written one of the outstanding books on Indian life and beliefs. He says of death and the hereafter:

The attitude of the Indian toward death, the test and background of life, is consistent with his character and philosophy. Death has no terror for him; he meets it with simplicity and perfect calm, seeking only an honorable end as his last gift to his family and descendants. If one is dying at home, it is customary to carry his bed out of doors as the end approaches, that his spirit may pass under the open sky.

Next to this, the matter that concerns him most is the parting with his dear ones, especially if he have any little children who must be left behind to suffer want. His family affections are strong, and he grieves intensely for the lost, even though he has unbounded faith in a spiritual companionship.

Helen Hunt Jackson in her book, *A Century of Dishonor*, says:

The North American Indian is the noblest type of heathen man on the earth. He recognizes a Great Spirit; he believes in immortality; he has a quick intellect; he is a clear thinker; and he is brave and fearless and true to plighted faith.

One of the most inspiring things ever written is a paragraph by John G. Neihardt in his exquisite poem, "The Song of the Messiah." The author gives the tragic story of the Sioux Indians when



FRANK ANDREWS, UTE, WHITEROCKS, UTAH —Courtesy, Frank O. Bryan, State Department of Publicity

they died from want and cold in the blizzards of the Dakotas, after their terrible battles with the armed forces of the United States. "Strange tongues," said the Sioux had brought the message of the gospel to the Indians, and they had understood; the message had been passed from tribe to tribe, and the fathers understood and believed.

From peaks of vision, so the rumor ran
 There lived a man—or was he but a man?—
 Who once had died, and verily had trod
 The Spirit Land, and from the lips of God
 He knew how all this marvel was to be.

And cottonwoods had confessed the Living One,
 And scrub oaks, feeling tall against the blue,
 Grew priestly with the vision: so the Sioux
 Thought better of the iterated tale.
 For every west-wind knew about the vale
 Beneath the shining summits far away;
 And south-winds hearkened to what they
 had to say,
 And north-winds listened, ceasing to deride.

The man had died, and yet he had not died.
 And he had talked with God, and all the
 dead
 Were coming in the whirlwind at their
 head,
 And there would be new earth and heaven!

GREEK VIEWS OF IMMORTALITY

WHEN we think what man is, we are not surprised that in all places and at all times, he is aware of God. Not a child of God lives but what knows that the existence of God is a primal truth. While we cannot grasp the Infinite in all its divine truth, yet within the limits of our powers we can secure and retain a knowledge which is larger than we can bound. It is that within the soul of man which tells him that God lives and that his children live and have their being in the hereafter. All the religions of the world, various though they may be, confess the divine power. The Greek saw a power in Zeus, whom he ad-

for the Greater Life

By President Levi Edgar Young
OF THE FIRST COUNCIL OF THE SEVENTY

dressed as father of gods and men. What a glorious event it was, when Paul the apostle appealed to the Athenians whose city was crowned with altars, and declared the unknown God who made the world and all things therein, in whom we move and live and have our being, and confirmed his teachings by their own poet, Aratus:

With Zeus begin we. Let no mortal voice
Leave Zeus unpraised. Zeus fills the haunts
of men,
The streets, the marts. Zeus fills the sea, the
shores,
The harbours, everywhere we live in Zeus.
We are his offspring, too,
Men worship him, the First, the Last,
Their Father Wonderful—their Help and
Shield.

The great point of immortality of the old Greek philosophy is that the highest life is nearest to the divine. It is the super-man, the man who has attained unto the God-life. The highest good lies in the perfection of human faculties. Man in the other world after death was a glorified man. It is the glorified man for which the Greek strived. Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle believed that the dwelling place of the unchangeable and divine is removed from the earth to the region that is beyond the outermost heaven or sphere of the fixed stars. Here we have a conception of eternity. Man's life is continuous: though his life partakes both of time and eternity. Dr. F. M. Conford of Trinity College, Cambridge, says in his fine review of Greek immortality: "The soul is of higher value and therefore more real than the body, with which for certain purposes of punishment, the soul is yoked together and buried in it as in a tomb." The means of escape is purification, understood at first in the ceremonial sense of abstinence from certain foods and dress, and the avoidance of contact with impurities. The way of escape is becoming as like God as possible; which means as righteous and holy as possible. Every natural impulse was justified and had the sanction of religion, and even had a special deity assigned to it. The highest aim, therefore, was to cultivate the natural life of man, the beautiful, the graceful human life. The human would find his way home to a household like that of earth and find it as described in the *Odyssey*:

Great is thy skill, O father! Great thy toil.
Thy careful hand is stamped on all the soil.
Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,

The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear:
And not one empty spot escapes thy ear.

CONFUCIUS AND THE CHINESE PHILOSOPHY

WHEN Confucius was born about 551 B.C., China had behind her a long period of history—thousands of years—during which time a philosophy of life was developed which has influenced millions of Chinese to this day and has affected the religious beliefs of India. In the sixth century B.C. Greece was rising to its height of power and the Golden Age of literature and art in Athens flourished for five hundred years. The philosopher statesman Solon had bestowed a "blessed code of liberty" upon the people, and in India

CARYATID, OR PRIESTESS, SUPPORTING AN
ENTABLATURE IN PLACE OF A COLUMN.
From the Porch of the Erechtheum, or Temple,
in Athens.



Buddha had awakened his country to the beauty of a new religion. Ezekiel, the prophet, was proclaiming the one living God in the city of Babylon and at the same time Confucius was given a city to govern—Chungtu by name. He began by regulating the morals and manners of the people. We are told by writers of Chinese history that Confucius was humane in the giving of laws, and as minister of crime, "Crime stopped as if by magic. . . . Dishonesty and dissoluteness hid their heads. . . . Loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of the men; and chastity and docility, the ornaments of the women." "If mankind would be governed justly for but a single century, all violence would disappear from the earth."

The ancient Chinese sacrificed to the hills and rivers and other natural objects; more earnestly they worshipped their ancestors with sacrifice and prayer. Through divination, they foresaw the future and could tell of events to come. Heaven was the source of man's nature, and in conformity to that nature man must live. Righteousness, though it be conformity to the nature implanted by heaven, must be reached through human exertions. According to Henry Osborn Taylor, from whose work *Ancient Ideals*, we have taken much of the information on Confucius, Chinese teachings related not to God, but to human character and human conduct. The best ideal of China, bound as it was by ethical formalities prescribing each detail of conduct, lacked in the vital quality of freedom. While the Chinese gave to the world a system by which man must live and live rightly, there is no clear statement of the state of souls after death. Lin Yutang in his book, *My Country and My People*, says: "Many of the noted characters of Chinese history have been canonized or deified. A common woman, who suffered wrongs and faced death to uphold her chastity, might in a short time become a local goddess, prayed to by all the villagers. In the Confucian temples, people prayed to their ancestors. As great souls, they can protect their descendants, but they themselves need their progeny's protection and succor through offerings of food for their hunger. That is about as close as Confucianism comes to religion in the matter of worship," says Lin Yutang.

In writing these all too brief statements of the beliefs of Asiatic peoples in religion, we learn that nothing which deeply concerns the heart of man and his part in life should be lightly regarded. In all of them there is an insistence upon morality and the assertion of the power of right. The study of the world's religions if approached with renewed interest and with good reason, will inspire a deeper appreciation of the restored gospel. They do make known man's ability to look beyond himself and beyond the world, and they declare a reason for man's striving for the life hereafter.

*Lin Yutang was born in China and educated in the mission schools there. He took his Master's degree from Harvard and later his Ph.D. degree at Leipzig.

The PONY EXPRESS



ROCKWELL'S
WELL

INTRODUCTION

SOME might ask, "How, when, where, and from whom did you get information to write about such a subject?" I'll explain.

When I was a very small lad, there used to be many more ward gatherings than we have today, and what times we used to have! Everyone went—Mormon, Gentile—old and young, big and little—to those free ward feasts—and what feasts they were! Usually after those old timers had a real "fullup" they would gather outside and begin to whittle while the youngsters danced. Those old timers again loved to live over the highlights of the past and liked to tell about them. I liked to listen.

At some of those gatherings there would be such men as "Uncle" Adam Sharp, who strung the telegraph poles across the desert to Deep Creek; Pete Neece, who was station keeper for the Express at Willow Springs; D. E. (Pegleg) Davis, who stood the first trick at Simpson Springs when the Overland Telegraph line was completed; Louis (Louie) Strasburg, who was a bugler in Johnston's Army when it came west in 1858—and not forgetting "Uncle" Horace Rockwell, David P. Cook, George Wright, and many others who did their bit in taming the West; and, last but not least, my father, John C. Sharp, who, as a boy, went along with Uncle Adam, hauling the poles for the telegraph company.

In the fall of 1888, he and I went along the Pony Express route, with a team and wagon from Salt Lake City to Rush Valley. We did not follow the route from Rockwell to Dugout, for the Express riders rode over the Point of the Mountain, while we crossed the Jordan and went along the old stage route. This was a two-day trip, and he told stories of interest most of the time during the seventy-mile drive. A few years later we went from Rush Valley to Burnt Station (or Burned Station) a three-day trip of one hundred ten miles, and on both of those trips told a brief history of events which had happened at the different stations along the route and showed me where the stations had been.

In 1932-33 I was appraising land for a land bank and was sent to western Utah and eastern Nevada, and so I picked up the route at Deep Creek and followed it nearly to Egan Canyon, about sixty miles, and visited all of the stations between, but could find out very little about those stations, for the people seemed to know very little of the past, less of the present, and all they cared to know about the future was, when they could expect their loan check.

According to Whitney's "Brief History of Utah," one Ben Holladay owned and operated a stage line from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, and had a station en route at Salt Lake City, which was in 1859.

Russell, Majors, and Waddell of Leavenworth, Kansas, owned the Pony Express which started in 1860, while someone else owned the Overland Telegraph Line which went through in 1861.

Now the watering places west from Salt Lake City were few and far between, so of necessity the three companies must have had duplicate stations at many of these watering places or else maintained a sort of cooperative station. Therefore, in writing stories of the Pony Express Stations, they must overlap those of the two other companies. That is the reason for writing stories about the Pony Express Stations and not writing Pony Express Stories.

PART I

THE Salt Lake Pony Express Station was situated on the east side of Main Street between First and Second South. Little need be said of this one, except that it was a home station, where riders changed.

Traveller's Rest is nine miles south. Why the name was selected I have never heard. It is close to home and little ever seemed to have happened there, so will say only, it was a way station, where horses were changed.

Rockwell's is the next one, twelve miles farther south and is situated near the hot springs, southwest from Draper.

This station was named after Porter Rockwell and some said he kept this station, which I doubt, because at that time he was special agent for the Overland Stage Company and soon took over the duties of special agent for the Pony Express people, in addition to being a sort of personal bodyguard for Brigham Young.

Port was one of the best-known men of his time, and many are the stories told about him. Let me slip in a couple of short ones:

Reports had it that he killed a great number of men both in his official capacity as well as a private citizen. How

true that was I cannot say, but he once is reported to have said:

"I never killed a man who did not need killing," and if one-half the stories those old timers told are true then my comment would be, "He never killed a titling of what he should have killed."

One day I asked a very old man if he had known Port. His answer was: "Did I know Port? Say I know him when he was the only law between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean."

From here the route continued up Pony Express Canyon, a sort of dry ravine, to the Point of the Mountain, where it entered Utah Valley, then down the other side and crossed the Jordan River at the Old Indian Ford and took a southwesterly direction to the next station called Dugout, ten miles from Rockwell. This station was so named, for there one Joseph Dorton (nicknamed "Dugout" and known locally by this name, Joe Dugout) attempted to dig a well to furnish water for the emigrants. It was situated almost on the top of a low hill dividing Utah and Cedar valleys. Some said the well was ninety feet deep, while others said it was any distance between that figure and three hundred feet. However, it was a dry well, and the station here was maintained for only a few trips.

South, ten miles from here, it was has been known as Fairfield, Fort Crittenden and Camp Floyd. This station is situated out in Cedar Valley just below a large spring and is where Johnston's Army stopped after marching through Salt Lake City in 1858. The army stayed here until 1861 and then moved away.

FROM here we go southwest to Five Mile Pass and cross from Cedar to either East Valley or Rush Valley and turn west another five miles and come to a way-station sometimes called "The Pass," "East Rush," or "East Valley," all depending on who mentions the story. This was not kept up long, and the rider then rode from Fairfield (take your pick of the names) to Rush Valley later called Faust Station, eleven miles from The Pass Station (again take your pick of names).

The name Rush Valley came from the fact that in the early days there was a lake called Rush Lake, later called Stockton Lake, situated in the north end of the valley, and this place was a mass of bulrushes and cattails. The station was later called Faust because "Doc" Faust used to ride Express out of here and later purchased the station for a ranch.

The water came from a large spring about one-half mile to the south. A

By James P. Sharp

STATIONS •

large meadow was to the north. The hay cut here was sometimes hauled to other stations to the west. (I was born and raised in the town of Vernon, five miles to the south.)

This was the first home station west from Salt Lake, and many were the stories those old timers told of events they said happened here: of the number of persons buried in a small cemetery, situated on the low hills a short distance to the east—who was buried here, who there—and the causes of the sudden departure from this life of some of them. When I first went there with those old timers, there was a sort of fence around the plot and a few old headboards with faint names on some, marking the graves; but as years went by the fence disappeared and the headboards were no more. Would it not be a worth-while project for some Boy Scout troop to erect a nice fence around those graves to protect the place where somebody's son, or daughter, was buried? Think this over, for now it is just another shade-covered hill.

Eight miles to the southwest is Lookout Pass (Point Lookout), which separates Rush from Skull Valley. The trail or road winds up a rather rocky ridge and then a short distance from the pass is Lookout Station. My first visit to this place was in 1885 when "Uncle" Horace and "Aunt" Lib Rockwell lived there. They had no children but did have a whole colony of black-and-tan dogs; I believe they said they were of

the Fiste breed. You know the kind, with short hair, and always trying to stand on three legs, shivering, to keep from freezing to death in July. But I'd better not get started on stories about those two strange characters, their dogs, dog cemetery, and such, or we will spend the rest of the day right here.

Some old timers said an Indian took a shot at one of the riders or a stage-coach driver near this place, so whenever a new rider or driver was put to work he was told to lookout here.

There was a small log house and a stable made of cedar posts, and I was told they had been built by the stage or express people. A mere trickle of water came from somewhere, in a small pipe which ended in a large barrel, set in the ground; and from this barrel a pipe went to a large watering trough; and another pipe to another trough so that no water was lost. Large planks covered these troughs and there was a sign notifying travelers that water was 5 cents per gallon, 15 cents per span. Never one cent would they ever take from me, and many's the time I have ridden in from the hot desert to the west nearly choked to death. Horace would always come out, throw the planks off, and let the horses fill up. They had an old tomato can to drink from and my earliest recollections about good water came not from "The Old Oaken Bucket," but from that tomato can. Say, it was cold and good and hit the spot. My heartfelt thanks to those people for

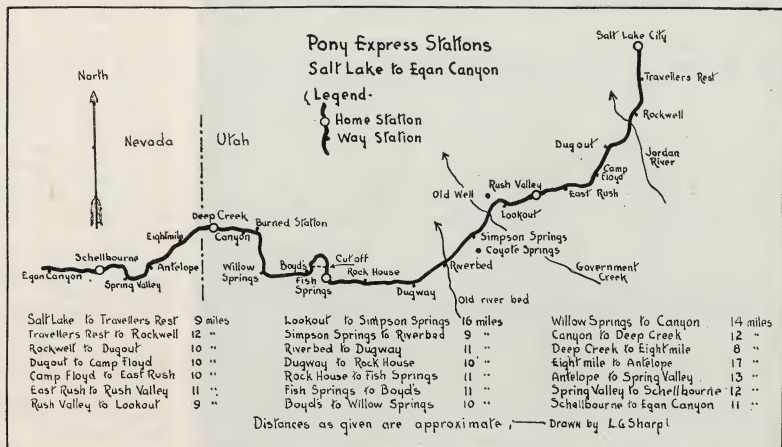
their generosity to me! I will always remember them for it.

Go west a short mile and turn down a rather rocky, gravelly ravine another mile and then turn south around Cedar Point, and you are now on the edge of the desert proper. Near this point is another dry well; and if the one back at Dugout was Hickman's burial plot, then from stories told when I was a lad, and believed by everyone, Port must have put a homestead on this well and attempted to have outdone Hickman's record. Some said it was one hundred feet deep. Many's the time I have been tempted to get a long rope and have someone let me down that well to investigate; and just as many times have I got cold feet and decided to let the dead rest in peace, that is if there were any dead or any peace in such a forsaken place.

From here we go south and come to Government Creek where some claimed there had been a Pony Express way station, but it was the general belief of most of those I talked to that here it was that the Overland Telegraph Line placed a relay station, for in those days a message could be sent only so far and then would have to be relayed. There was plenty of water here in the spring or during the spring runoff, but later everything was dry. Those old timers that I talked to just did not seem to be able to get together on their stories regarding why those old buildings were there, but most of them said an Express rider rode from Lookout to Simpson Springs, a distance of sixteen miles.

SIMPSON SPRINGS was named for one J. H. Simpson, a topographical engineer, who was sent out from Camp Floyd and was told to find a route to Carson Valley. When I first went there, there was an old rock house and some sort of tumble-down rock stable, and I

(Continued on page 108)



ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JOSEPH SMITH

By Cyril D. Pearson

It's August in Illinois in the early 1940's. Business has brought you from New York to Chicago, and you get a sort of "hills of home" feeling inside you when you learn your old friend, Brother Utah, is down in Nauvoo doing a bit of historical research. His telegram, addressed to you under your real name, makes you chuckle because face to face he never addresses you other than Mr. New York. It's been some years since he dubbed you thus, and the names "Utah" for him and "New York" for you still stick.

"Ever consider that for five full years Abraham Lincoln of Springfield and Joseph Smith of Nauvoo lived in Illinois only a hundred miles from each other, no farther than Provo from Logan?" you ask Brother Utah, not more than a quarter-hour after meeting him in Nauvoo.

"And both knew some of the same men in Illinois public life," Brother Utah responds, scanning some bits of memoranda made by him on old envelopes and such like, "For example, take General James Adams, probate judge of Sangamon County where Springfield is county seat. On November 4, 1839, Joseph stopped at Springfield, en route to Washington, D.C., to plead the Mormon cause before President Van Buren. Joseph's journal for November 4, 1839, says:

General James Adams, judge of Probate, sought me out, and took me home with him and treated me like a father.

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Lincoln in the Year 1843

SUN. JAN. 1	[Joseph Smith, the Mormon leader, arrived yesterday and is today's sensation in Springfield. He has been arrested on a warrant issued by Governor Ford and his hearing before Judge Pope in the United States District Court set for tomorrow. Smith is present at a ball held on Saturday evening at the American House in honor of the election of Sidney Breese to the United States Senate.]
MON. JAN. 2	SPRINGFIELD. The members of the Galena bar file a specification of their charges against Judge Thomas C. Browne. "The only charge which we call upon the House to notice, involves nothing derogatory to his character, as a man of integrity, but is founded on the natural infirmity and feebleness of his intellect, and over which he has no control." <i>Honke Journal; Bulletin No. 56 (June 1839); of Abraham Lincoln Association.</i>
TUE. JAN. 3	SPRINGFIELD. Before the committee of the whole House, the trial of Thomas C. Browne begins at two o'clock. By permission of the House, Judge Browne and Lincoln his counsel, T. Drummond, C. Hempstead, A. L. Holmes and T. E. Campbell, the members of the Galena bar who brought the charges, with their attorneys Lamblorn and Spring, take their seats within the bar of the House. <i>Ibid.</i>

ILLUSTRATION I (See page 102.)
Extract from Pratt's "History of Lincoln, Day-by-Day"

Elder B. H. Roberts says that on October 2, 1841, Hyrum Smith bestowed a patriarchal blessing on Judge Adams and declared him to be of the tribe of Judah. Judge Adams, having become a member of the Church, was Jo-

ILLUSTRATION II (See page 103.)
Lincoln's receipt for books taken from Library of Congress

RECEIVED of the Librarian of Congress the following Books, which I promise to return; undefaced, to the said Librarian, within the time hereinafter specified, or to forfeit and pay twice the value thereof; as also twenty cents per day for each day's detention beyond the limited time, of a Folio Volume; ten cents per day for the detention of a Quarto Volume; and five cents per day for the detention of an Octavo or smaller Volume.

HON. A. LINCOLN President of the U. States.

WHEN RECEIVED	WHEN RETURNED	OCTAVO, OR SMALLER VOLUME. To be returned in one week.	LAWS, STATE PAPERS To be returned five days before the close of the Session.
1861 Apl. 19	1861 May 7th	Placer Times & Transcript, part 2d. 1855	
1863 Feb. 10	1863 Feb. 20	Cunningham Nell Gwynn	
" " 20	" Mch. 20	Richters Werke Vol 14 to 17 inc	
" March 14	" Apl 2	Hume's England Vols. 3. and 4.	
1861, Aug. 5	Oct 8	Oeuvres de Victor Hugo, 9th v. Le Roi S'Amuse	
" Oct 3	Nov 16	Do	13th V—
Nov 18	1862 July 29	Do	Vol 11.
" " "	" " "	Gunnison's Mormons	
" " "	" " "	Hyde's Mormonism	
" " "	" " "	Book of Mormon	
" " 22	1861 Dec 6	U. S. Constitution 8vo. 1783	
" " "	" " "	Do	8vo 1856
" " "	1862 July 29	Mormonism in All Ages	
" " "	" Dec 24	Mormons, or Latter Day Saints	

seph's firm friend till the day Joseph died.

In the August 1837 election, this same General Adams and Abraham Lincoln engaged in one of those rough and tumble debates so well known on the frontier a century ago. Their controversy was thrashed out in the newspapers, the Springfield *Republican* and Sangamon *Journal*. Harry B. Pratt's diary, *History of Lincoln, Day-by-Day*, says on August 2, 1837, that Lincoln cast his vote against General James Adams for probate judge but Adams was the winner of the election. Pratt's history shows also on Sunday, July 14, 1839, Judge Adams handed personally to Abraham Lincoln, letters of guardianship in a certain estate matter. In 1839 Lincoln again voted the Whig ticket against Adams but again Adams won.

Joseph Smith's journal says Joseph remained in Springfield with Judge Adams from November 4, till November 8, 1839, before resuming the journey to call on President Van Buren.

You recall to Brother Utah that Joseph's audience with Van Buren gave the Prophet a poor opinion of the chief executive.

"Hardly worse than Lincoln expressed regarding Van Buren about the same time," says Brother Utah, looking at his notes.

Joseph Smith said:

"... he (Van Buren) is so much of a fop or fool (for he judged our cause before he knew it) we could find no place to put truth into him.

Abraham Lincoln said in a speech on December 20, 1839, denouncing Van Buren's methods:

(Continued on page 100)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

THE LOST PATHFINDER

By Ann Woodbury Hafen

PART II

(CONCLUDED FROM JANUARY *Era*)

WITH no animals now to transport their baggage, the thirty-three men strapped the blankets and supplies on their own backs, and abandoned everything else. With the mauls, panting and wheezing, they remade the path through the head-high snow, upward to the windy summit, and down the other side. At their old timberline camp again, they cooked a frozen mule and rested. Then they headed more toward the open country of the San Luis valley. There on the headsprings of a branch of the Rio Grande they cleared a camp.

"A rescue party must go at once to New Mexico for supplies, and for animals to transport the baggage," Fremont announced.

Several men volunteered to go. Fremont selected King to head the party, with Williams and two others as companions. On Christmas day, the party was ready to leave. Fremont gave final instructions.

"If anything should happen to delay your getting supplies at the settlement, send back an express to assure us relief is coming. Another thing. Watch out for the Utes and Apaches. We are in their country. Government troops are after them now to stop their depredations. And last, we'll meet you somewhere down the Rio Grande. You ought to make it back to there in twenty days from now."

With a few blankets and provisions, the four men set out. It was now a month since the expedition left Bent's Fort to enter the mountains. Progress to this point had taken three times as long as they had planned. By good luck or foresight, two weeks' provisions still remained; and if they could find game down on the river—well, the waiting should not be so bad.

For days Fremont and his men worked desperately trying to get the baggage across the deep snows to the appointed place of meeting down on the Rio Grande. Sometimes they made but a mile a day. This bitter cold and rationed food were bad enough, but to have to be pack animals, too—that gave cause for grumbling.

Fremont pretended not to hear. He was grateful for something to occupy their time. This waiting with nothing to do would be unbearable. In their new camp down the river, some of the men tried hunting, but they soon found it useless, for all animals had deserted the bitter country.

For a time, Fremont's calm, quiet

presence kept the men from despondency. He had a few books along and some of them tried reading. Sparingly they ate of their rationed bacon and macaroni, and hungered for the mule meat now buried a dozen feet deep on the mountain top above.

The snow fell continuously. Deeper and deeper it became, shutting them in from the outside world. The men grew desperate; some, hopeless. One of them on a sunny day lay down and froze to death upon the trail.

As Fremont saw the food growing scarcer and scarcer, and the eyes of the hungry men growing larger, waiting became unbearable. Sixteen long days since the rescue party went out! It was not due for four days more. But Fremont had a pressing fear that the Indians might have hindered the party; that further delay might mean death for all.

"I can't wait another day," he declared to Godey. "I'll take you and two others and go in search of the rescue party. If we meet King returning, well and good. If we don't, we'll push on to the settlement for supplies. We're acting none too soon."

When he was fixed to leave, he gave his parting advice: "There's food enough for a few meals more and five pounds of sugar to each man. If King's party hasn't come within four days, then work your way down the river. That will bring you a few miles closer to sup-

plies. And don't forget, we'll be coming back with them."

On the second day out from camp, Fremont and his three men found an Indian trail through the drifts. From the traces he decided there were but two lodges. Ordinarily he would have avoided them, but now he eagerly followed their trail down the river. On the fifth day out he found a lone Indian getting water from a hole in the river's ice. Stealthily they surrounded him and found him to be a young Ute, the son of a chief whom Fremont had befriended three years before.

That night the white men camped near the Indians. Next morning Fremont induced the boy to guide the party through the snows to the settlement on the Red River, some twenty-five miles north of Taos, New Mexico. At first he was fearful and refused to go, but consented after Fremont presented him with a rifle, two blankets, and promised more presents when they arrived safely in the town. Riding on four bony Indian ponies, the party proceeded on its journey.

The next afternoon they saw a little spiral of smoke rising from a timber grove off the river. Cautiously they made their way thither. Perhaps it was King with the relief? Or it might be Indians! Over the smouldering fire three men huddled. Matted beards and staring eyes made them seem as strangers to their captain. Three starved skeletons—Williams, the guide, with two companions. But where was King? Dead. His body left at a camp eight miles behind. The wild emaciated men were fed soup and a little corn, and were helped onto the Indian horses.

Four days of tedious travel—and the Red River settlement was reached on January 20, the eve of Fremont's birthday. Ten days since Fremont had left his men in the mountain camp—one hundred and sixty miles traveled through snow waist-deep.

(Continued on page 99)



—Illustrated by John Henry Evans, Jr.



The Church Moves On

Australian Mission President

DR. THOMAS D. REES of Idaho Falls, Idaho, was named by the First Presidency in mid-December as president of the Australian Mission. He succeeds President Elvon W. Orme, who has served since 1941, and who is now honorably released.

President Rees, an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist who has practiced in Nephi, Utah, where he was president of the Juab Stake, and Salt Lake City, served as head of the Australian Mission from 1935 through 1938. He filled a Swiss-German mission in 1904-06.

Mrs. Rees will accompany him to his new assignment where she will be in charge of women's activities throughout the mission.

Western States Mission

RICHARD W. MADSEN, JR., was appointed January 6, by the First Presidency to preside over the Western States Mission, with headquarters at Denver, Colorado. He succeeds President Elbert R. Curtis who has presided over the mission for three years.

President Madsen spent four years as a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands as a young man. He has long been active in ward Sunday School and stake M.I.A. work, and is a former counselor of the Cottonwood Stake presidency. At the creation of the Big Cottonwood



ELVON W. ORME



T. D. REES



ELBERT R. CURTIS



RICHARD W. MADSEN, JR.

Stake he was sustained as president of the high priests' quorum.

Mrs. Madsen and four daughters will accompany him to the mission field. A son, Richard W. Madsen, III, is with the U.S. Navy.

"Wayne Sentinel"

WHEN Elder John D. Giles returned from Palmyra, New York, he brought with him a collection of *The Wayne Sentinel*, the newspaper published at Palmyra, New York, at the time of the publication of the Book of Mormon. The files, which have now been placed in the vaults of the Historian's Office for safe keeping, definitely place the time of publication by references in two of the issues of the paper. Plans are being formulated to microfilm each page of the collection for the convenience of those who wish to peruse its pages.

Elder Giles also has given the Historian's library a copy of the history of Wayne County, published in 1872, which shows the subdivisions as they were in the days of the Prophet.

Washington Bureau of Information

WADE N. STEPHENS, assistant organist at the Salt Lake Tabernacle, has been named by the First Presidency as director of the Washington Bureau of

L.D.S. SERVICEMEN AND WIVES WHO ORGANIZED A GROUP AT VICTORYVILLE ARMY AIR FIELD, CALIFORNIA

The organization was set up as follows, and all members were set apart by Brother Willard C. Kimball: Major Charles I. Sampson, president; Lt. Marshall Hollingshead, first counselor (later transferred from this base); Lt. Boyd C. Gundersen, second counselor; S/Sgt. Harvey L. Carlson, secretary; S/Sgt. Wayne R. Embley, assistant secretary.



(BELOW) A GROUP OF SERVICEMEN IN THE NEW HEBRIDES—SUBMITTED BY ENS. E. PAUL GILGEN



Information and organist at the Washington chapel. He succeeds Elder Roy M. Darley who has entered the armed forces.

Dedications

ELDER HAROLD B. LEE of the Council of the Twelve recently dedicated the chapel of the Toluca Branch of the Mexican Mission, during a tour of that mission field.

Joseph F. Smith, Patriarch to the Church, dedicated the chapel of the St. Helens Branch of the Portland Stake, January 7.

Oakland Stake Anniversary

THE tenth anniversary of the founding of the Oakland, California, Stake was appropriately marked at stake conference December 9 and 10, which included a stake reunion and dance.

The first session of the conference included addresses by Stake President Eugene Hilton; W. Aird Macdonald; Delbert F. Wright, a counselor in the presidency; and Sara H. Carruth of the Relief Society. The principal speaker of the day was Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve.

The evening session had a dramatic pageant on "Liberty" and the part it has always played in the Church, with emphasis on the California area. Elder Benson also spoke at this session.

A booklet was published, commemorating the event. Oakland Stake is now the sixth largest stake in the Church, with a membership of 7,420.

Ward Divided

THE Yalecrest Ward of the Salt Lake City Bonneville Stake was divided December 10, to form the Monument Park Ward, with Herald L. Carlson, former first counselor in the Yalecrest Ward as bishop. Bishop Charles H. Monson remains as bishop of the Yalecrest Ward, which now is the eastern portion of the former ward.

Sunday School Institute

An institute demonstrating the use of maps, charts, blackboards, pictures, and motion pictures to enrich the presentation of Sunday School lessons was held in Salt Lake City in late January under the direction of the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union.

Patriarch Smith

ELDER JOSEPH F. SMITH, Patriarch to the Church, was elected president of the National Association of Teachers of Speech at their annual convention held in Chicago in late December. Elder Smith, formerly head of the speech department of the University of Utah, held the position of vice president of the organization last year.

Y.W.M.I.A. Board

SARAH DIXON SUMMERHAYS was named a member of the Y.W.M.I.A. General Board in mid-December. She has long been active in the youth organizations of the Church.

Temple Square Visitors

VISITORS at the Salt Lake Temple Square numbered 326,431 during 1944 compared with a total of 450,759 in 1943. President David A. Smith of the Temple Square Mission has reported.

President Clark

PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., of the First Presidency, was named to an eleven-member board of directors of the Western Pacific Railroad Company, and took office January 1. The other board members are businessmen residing in New York and San Francisco.

Tabernacle Usher Feted

GEORGE B. MARGETTS who has been an usher at the Salt Lake Tabernacle for sixty-two years, the last forty of which he has been head usher, was honored by the Presiding Bishopric at a luncheon December 20. He was appointed an usher in 1882 by Angus M. Cannon, then president of the Salt Lake Stake, when that stake was the only stake in the valley.

M.I.A. Attacks Delinquency

AN eight-week program of study on "Better Parents, Better Children, and Better Communities" is to be placed in every ward and stake by the M.I.A. during the early weeks of 1945, in a drive against juvenile delinquency. It is planned to make it the program theme at a banquet on February 2.

B.Y.U. Postwar Plans

THE board of trustees of Brigham Young University has approved the erection of a student union building in the postwar era. The building, which should cost in excess of a quarter million dollars, will house alumni offices, guest rooms, lounges, dining and meeting facilities, and facilities for student body activities. Alumni, students, and friends of the Church university have already contributed \$28,000 to the building fund.

Belgian Saints

ELDER THOMAS E. MCKAY, assistant to the Council of the Twelve and acting president of the European Missions, has received through Major John R. Barnes, a former missionary, the following report from Paul J. Devignes, acting president of the Belgium district:

From members' testimonies, heard in our six branches since May 1940, and from my own experience, the highest characteristic of the Saints' lives during that unhappy period was a permanent blessing at every time of day and night, on our heads. All of us are most thankful to the Almighty for the exceptional protection he laid upon us.

We surely received much more than we generally deserved and it was given to us to feel that our sisters and brothers of Zion prayed for us, for which we thank them all heartily and with a sincere emotion. . . .

In general, the Saints over here have proved better tithepayers during these distressing times; we thus were in a position

to care for the orphans, widows, and poor families of the Church. We did not give money except to pay doctors, to buy medicines, and the like, and we were always blessed in finding out small stocks of wheat, flour, meat, potatoes, etc., for the relief of the poor members.

Our three chapels were the object of German requisition as American property, but here again the Lord stood with us and the officer on duty appointed me *Verwalter*, trustee of what he called: "A German ownership." I was authorized, under my responsibility, to hold our different meetings and thanks to all, I never had the least trouble. . . .

Sunday School Anniversary

THE ninety-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Sunday Schools was commemorated throughout the Church at meetings from December 3 to 9, and especially in the Salt Lake City Fourteenth Ward, home ward of the Sunday School movement. It was established by Richard Ballantyne on December 9, 1849, in his little adobe home which stood at the corner of Third South and First West streets.

Hawaiian Member Dies

LILIA WAHAPAA KANEIHALAU, Hawaiian convert to the Church in 1853, died November 12, 1944, in Honolulu. Had she lived until December 27, she would have reached her 109th birthday anniversary.

Since her baptism she had been one of Hawaii's most faithful members of the Church. For thirty-three continuous years she was president of the Relief Society, between 1893 and 1926, when she asked to be released.

First Norwegian Mission Letter

THE first letter from the Norwegian Mission since that land was occupied by German forces has been received by Elder Thomas E. McKay, assistant to the Council of the Twelve and acting president of the European Mission. It read in part as follows:

The condition here in our mission is good, taking the circumstances in consideration. We are living under the yoke of war, and that does interfere with our work to some extent. Thus it has been difficult to travel and visit the Saints in the branches, but I have been able to visit most of them since our spring conference. . . .

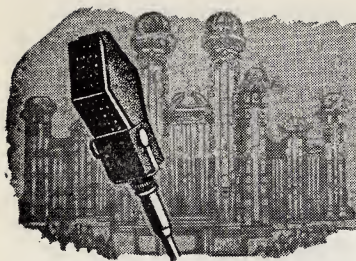
Up to this day [September 4, 1944] we have been saved from destruction and the Church property is still on our hands except the Stavanger meetinghouse which for the two last years has been used by the German "protectors." In spite of this the meetings have been held all the time in this branch, but in hired halls.

The activity in the priesthood has been very good lately, especially in the larger branches, and many good brothers are willing to do their best in performing their duties. All our organizations are active and holding their meetings regularly. . . .

The offerings are coming in better than ever, and thus the economical condition of the Norwegian Mission is very good. . . .

When I look back on the four years which are gone since we were left alone, I feel to say that in spite of the difficulties which often have been hard, there has always been a way out of it, and I must thank

(Continued on page 106)



The Spoken Word

By RICHARD L. EVANS

HEARD FROM THE "CROSSROADS OF THE WEST" WITH THE SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN OVER A NATIONWIDE RADIO NETWORK THROUGH KSL AND THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM EVERY SUNDAY AT 12:00 NOON EASTERN WAR TIME, 11:00 A.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME, 10:00 A.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME, AND 9:00 A.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME.

"Why are Ye so Fearful?"*

WITH the breathless passing of many days, we come again upon the changing of the year, which acutely reminds us of the passing of our lives and of the pace at which we are all moving toward whatever eventualities await us. Countless times at this season we hear countless people wish each other Happy New Year, which, even though often thoughtlessly spoken, emphasizes the universal fact that every man in his own way is seeking happiness. Indeed, "men are, that they might have joy," (Book of Mormon, II Nephi 2:25)—a deep and abiding joy; and it is proper that the chief business of life should be a quest for happiness. But our difficulties begin with the distorted and perverted ideas that some of us have concerning happiness. Certainly it is not something that gives indulgence today and a headache tomorrow. But there are some things that most of us believe would contribute to our happiness, and greater certainty concerning the future is one of them. Our enjoyment of the prospect for the new year is clouded by uncertainty—by all of its undisclosed events. But new years have always held their own secrets. There have always been uncertainties. In this respect the coming year is no different from any other. A year ago, five years ago, ten years ago, there were uncertainties also, and we had no liking for the prospects, but we have lived through them, with many compensations to relieve the uninviting picture. And so again, as always, we face uncertainty. This year, like all others, will bring both welcome and unwelcome events. Some things for which we should have had more concern may suddenly break upon us, with the price of neglect and indifference and false thinking being required. But also, as always, much that we have worried about, won't happen. For the comfort and courage of the fearful we recall again this New Testament account: "And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full . . . and they awake him, and say unto him, Master, carest thou not that we perish? . . . and he said unto them, Why are ye so fearful? how is it that ye have no faith?" (Mark 4:37-40.) As we have lived through all the years of the past and found life to be good in spite of many unwanted things, so we can live through all the years to come, even as long as time shall be given unto us, until we are called back to that home from which we came, where the years are no longer numbered, where the certainties of truth are not obscured, and where the sweep of time is measured only by the endlessness of immor-

talities. We wish you much of happiness for this new year, and always.

—December 31, 1944.

Why Was I Born?*

THOSE who are discouraged, and especially those who are both young and discouraged, are sometimes heard to ask why they were born. Many who have encountered disappointments from which they think for the moment they cannot recover—young people whose dreams have been shattered, whose ambitions have been indefinitely postponed, who breathlessly have expected much from life and find that it has not fulfilled their expectations—are sometimes heard despondently to ask the question. Those whose faith in the future is not equal to the shock and stress of the present, often voice this query of complaint: "Why was I born, anyway? I didn't ask to be." We hear those who blame parents for bringing them into the world, and those who profess to believe that they would rather not have been born at all. The question, sometimes spoken earnestly and sometimes sighed merely for its melodramatic effect, is heard often enough among young and old alike to call for answer. Job was no doubt one of those who wondered at times why he was born. "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, . . . 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou hast understanding. . . . When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy? . . .'" (See Job, chapter 38.) The sons of God shouted for joy because an All-wise Eternal Father, the directing Intelligence of the universe, had given his children a plan for their never-ending progress, a plan which included the experiences and circumstances of this life, without which we could not reach our highest possibilities—a plan which included birth into a world where man may work out his own salvation—and proceed to an eternity of things to come. And so, when we hear someone ask, "Why was I born?" the answer is—because birth is the entrance into this life, and this life is a necessary prelude to a greater life to come. We were born because somehow we earned the right to be born, and despite all the discouragement of the present, despite seeming futility at times, there are indescribably yet more glorious things to come for those who respect the privilege of life.

—December 17, 1944.

*Revised

from Temple Square

On Moving Men

THE pattern of history would seem to indicate that the moment a despot thinks he has stamped out all independence of thought he is due to find that he likely hasn't stamped it out at all—but has merely driven it under ground, as has been dramatically demonstrated in many countries within our own recent times. The pattern of human conduct would seem to indicate that there are many ways of moving men but only one way that may be depended upon to result in permanent good for all. You can shove them around with a strong arm. You can overwhelm them with authority. You can stampe them with fear and panic. You can confuse them with falsehood. You can wear them down with insistent argument—but the only way of moving them willingly and effectively, and of keeping them moving in the right direction, is to touch their lives and their hearts with truth, to touch their minds with the light of truth—to show them sound ways which they will pursue of their own free will without being pushed or coerced or deceived. When asked how he governed his people, a leader of men once replied: "I teach them correct principles, and they govern themselves."* To push men around, to enslave them, to coerce them, to regiment them is a thankless job, and one that holds difficulty for all and satisfaction for none—but to touch them in their hearts and their thoughts, to convert them to truth, to transform their lives from within rather than to force them from without, is a glorious and satisfying experience for all concerned. No one has ever been able to force the world to conformity by strong-arm methods or by the sheer weight of authority or by deception. There is not enough armed strength or policing power in the world to regulate all people in all things. And all men who have a measure of responsibility for the conduct of other men would do well to remember this brief and basic rule of procedure: Teach them correct principles, and let them govern themselves.

—December 10, 1944.

*Joseph Smith, quoted by John Taylor, *Journal of Discourses*, Vol. 10, p. 57.

To Those Who Fail to Conform

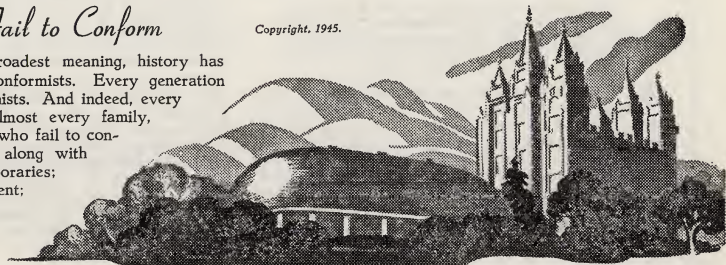
USING the term in its broadest meaning, history has produced many non-conformists. Every generation produces many non-conformists. And indeed, every community, and perhaps almost every family, produces its quota of those who fail to conform—those who don't go along with their associates and contemporaries; those who want to be different; those who for one reason or another, have their

own ideas and reserve the right to express them—or to live them. Now, non-conformity does not necessarily imply either a desirable or an undesirable quality. Desirability or undesirability in this instance depends upon what it is that a man refuses to conform with, and what his motives and his reasons are. If he has a sincere conviction of a truth which is not commonly accepted by the company he keeps, or if he refuses to concur in errors and abuses that are prevalent around him, being a non-conformist may be, and often is, a mark of commendable distinction. Some who live lives of non-conformity have been heroes and benefactors of mankind. But some have merely been stupid and stubborn people. Some have been merely rebellious spirits, willfully refusing to comply with anything that is generally accepted—people who resent having to conform even to wise and necessary laws—who resent the inconvenience of observing the common courtesies. We see them often—genuinely contrary people—people who stand flat-footed or go into reverse when they are urged to move forward; people who light-up when they see a no-smoking sign; who rush through when they see a stop sign; who step over when they see a keep-off sign—people who will argue about anything at any time, because it seems to be contrary to their nature to agree to anything without an argument; people who reserve the right to ignore all the customs, all the traditions, all the rules, all the regulations—who resent, discredit, or scorn what others stand for, what other men hold sacred, what others find necessary or desirable or true. And, having taken their stand, such people are forever having to explain to themselves why it is right to be wrong, thus wearing themselves down unhappily and miserably by the friction of their own thoughts. There are times when it is heroic to be a non-conformist, and there are times when it is just plain stupid. Before a man resists something that is commonly accepted, the basis for his resistance should be a conviction of truth, and not merely a rebellious spirit or a contrary disposition.

—December 3, 1944.

NOTE: The "Spoken Word" for December 24, was based on an editorial in the December 1944 *Improvement Era*, and will be found there, in full, on page 768—"Of Christmas—and of Things to Come."

Copyright, 1945.



EDITORIALS

Notice

January 16, 1945

REPORTS reaching us indicate that there may be considerable numbers of our boys who are being returned from the various battle fronts in the world to the United States for treatment in hospitals. While our local Church officers in stakes and missions are taking such steps as are available to them to learn who these boys are in order that they may visit them and give such spiritual and other aid and comfort as may be possible, nevertheless, because not all of our boys have the "L.D.S." tag designation, and are generally listed merely as "Protestants" and not as members of our Church, it is not possible for our Church officers to be sure they locate and identify all of our wounded brethren.

If the parents or wives of wounded men, and women, if any, will send to the office of the First Presidency the names and addresses of their sons, husbands, or daughters who have been wounded and who are in this country for hospital treatment, we will see that their names reach the proper officer—stake, ward, or mission—so that such officer may be able to get in touch with the wounded and render such service as may be possible.

Robert J. Grant
John H. Clark
David O. McKay

The First Presidency

Swords Into Plowshares

And he shall judge among the nations; and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. (Isaiah 2:4.)

AT this moment of time there is little opportunity for beating swords into plowshares. Involved as we are in conflict all over the face of the earth, the end of which no man knows, to say that we shall learn no more the ways of war is an ideal deeply cherished but seemingly remote from the immediate present. Indeed, rather than beating swords into plowshares, we find ourselves under the necessity, more urgently than ever before, of beating plowshares into swords—of pouring more and yet more of our time, our thought, our labor,

and our material resources into the insatiable machine of war. War is, and, for the present, must be, the business of the day.

But even now while we are fighting World War II, regretting and pointing to the mistakes of World War I, and earnestly talking of and hoping for peace and the ways of peace, seemingly we are being conditioned in our thinking for the conscription of whole generations yet to come, far beyond the signing of any peace yet in sight.

Many sincerely believe there is an urgency to adopt a program of compulsory peacetime military training—but when one contemplates a future course and desires to know where it will lead him, it is well to look to the experience of the past to see where similar procedures have led others. In considering the question of compulsory military training of youth in peacetime, we are asked to remember the fate of nations that have not been prepared for war. But in doing so let us not forget to remember the fate of nations that have made war their business—nations that have been regimented generation after generation—with some of whom we now contend. Do we want to follow the example of nations whose mistakes we deplore and whose false ways we now seek at great cost to nullify?

That some beneficial results would come to some people from compulsory universal military training need not now be questioned. But neither is it to be denied that countless, far-reaching, vicious, negative, and undesirable results would follow the regimentation of youth in their formative years—to break the pattern of their lives for indoctrination in the arts of war.

If a man has a tool he is quick to use it. We like to demonstrate those talents we have acquired and those accomplishments of which we have become master. A musician finds his satisfaction in the performance of music. He who is skilled in the histrionic art finds pleasure in dramatic performance. An athlete derives stimulation and satisfaction from engaging in sports. A pugilist must fight or he loses his reputation as a fighter. Nations are merely collective individuals, with much of the same psychology as individuals. Nations intent on war have been proved historically to find themselves involved in war much more readily than those who are prepared to pursue the ways of peace.

We know that there is a new concept of war—total war—with every refinement of destruction that modern science and engineering can give it. And we know that there are times when the military needs of a nation must be met at all costs. But we know, too, the dangers of regimentation and indoctrination of youth. We have watched with consternation the evils of such programs in other lands. Shall we, therefore, commit ourselves to the same evils?

We must watch the world, it is true. We must avoid complacency as we would a plague. We must know what other nations plan in their hearts and how well prepared they are to execute their plans. We must face the reality and the possibility of meeting any foe or any combination of foes on any front. But to say to generations of children in time of peace, ever prepare for war and more war—that is the way to wars without end—that is the road to extermination.

Surely there are other ways to accomplish the objectives that must be accomplished. Our own history would indicate that there are. But the history of nations that have devoted themselves continually to the ways of war indicates what lies in that direction. There is an urgency to think this problem through and to weigh the alternatives and the historically demonstrated consequences, before we commit ourselves in wartime to a peacetime procedure that elsewhere has led nations and peoples in the wrong direction—to their sorrow and to ours.

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

lxxix. Can a Person Outgrow Mormonism?

THE few who claim, usually with a touch of self-praise, that they have outgrown Mormonism, really imply that they have developed beyond the gospel, mis-called Mormonism. That means, in turn, that they no longer need the truths and the principles of conduct which constitute the gospel. They have grown too large for the gospel, as for a suit of clothes, which is then cast off.

Such a position is untenable. They forget, in the words of Brigham Young, that "our religion is simply the truth."^{*} It has no other foundation. The doctrines of the gospel, such as the existence of God, the mission of Jesus the Christ, and the restoration of the gospel by Joseph Smith, the Prophet, are of an unchanging nature. They are eternal realities. Whatever the Church, the repository of the gospel, may undertake, must and does conform to truth, and rests upon that secure foundation.

Truth cannot be outgrown. No person is bigger than truth. It would be folly to try to make five out of two plus two, or to speak of outgrowing gravity, electricity, or the existence of the elements of nature; and a worse folly to do so in the equally real, spiritual realm. Truth may be accepted or rejected; but no further can man go in the unchanging kingdom. Whether we like it or not, truth remains the same; and our every act is affected by the foundation upon which we build our lives. Really, the question at the head of this writing is a foolish one.

Probably, however, the few who prattle about "outgrowing" Mormonism, have lost faith in the fundamental realities of the gospel. Their spiritual disorder roots in a lack of a sufficient doctrinal understanding. They are inclined to speak lightly of things which are not clear to their own minds. Earnest study and sincere practice pave the path to gospel comprehension. Only those who so do may speak with some authority on a gospel principle. Elder Orson F. Whitney tells of a woman friend, who had drifted away from the Church, because, as she said, she had graduated from its teachings. At a later gathering where the doctrines of the Church became the topic of conversation, she asked, "Elder Whitney, what is really the Mormon conception of God?" His answer was prompt: "Do I need to tell you that? You remarked a while ago that you had outgrown the doctrines of the Church; and the knowledge of God is the beginning of them all."

Too many people raise doubts in their own minds for lack of sufficient knowledge. That is why the Church, to the best of its ability, attempts in its organizations to teach gospel principles. That is why all members are advised to engage in regular, individual study of the gospel. To "outgrow" a system one does not properly understand, is a sad reflection upon the intelligence of the individual.

Others who say that they have "outgrown" the gospel, are merely seeking an excuse for their own behavior. They are the ones who are yielding to appetites and fashions contrary to gospel doctrine and injurious to their bodies and minds. Though ever so honest in their view of life, their dominating law is their own will, their self-interest, and their personal opinions. Even

the moral law is frequently overshadowed by their willfulness. They resent the thought of being brought under any other dominion. The order of things must issue from them. They would abrogate the law of gravity when going uphill. They become easy faultfinders of persons and practices.

Therefore, for example, in defiance of the Word of Wisdom, their social group may begin the meal without a blessing, but with a highball. The cigaret follows. Nerve-stimulating beverages, such as coffee, tea, or cola drinks, are mere incidents at such a table. Other gospel principles are violated in a similar manner.

Faultfinding is much of the same order: The officials of the Church should or should not do this or that. It does not much matter what is being done. The bishop is under close scrutiny, the stake president likewise, and the general authorities most of all—and chiefly to discover the weaknesses and errors of the people involved. This group is seldom constructive.

If one raises a question concerning the propriety of yielding to fleshly appetites, or disregarding gospel requirements, the most common answer is that he is not "narrow," but "broad" enough to do as he pleases. That is, he is driven by a species of cowardice. This childish answer, of course, raises a smile in thoughtful people. People who "outgrow" the Church in such a manner are not to be taken seriously. Their soul-killing practices place them in danger of losing out in the battle between right and wrong.

Another group of "outgrowers" have become near-sighted, or have lost their sense of proportion, or have taken themselves too seriously. They are usually the student type, many of whom at one time may have known and lived the gospel well.

There is the young man who enters college. Soon he is overwhelmed with new facts, and unheard-of interpretations of the facts. His former convictions recede before the advancing wealth of knowledge, since he cannot of himself discriminate between factual and theoretical knowledge. Unless an honest and wise teacher rescues him, he may become lost in his inflated self-importance, and find himself with the "outgrown" ones. Pope had him in mind when he wrote:

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain."

Then, there is the older man, who pursues the study of a subject, unremittingly, and to the exclusion of other human gains, into its minute and devious ramifications. He may even advance the boundaries of knowledge within his field. Soon, this special academic discipline rises to such proportions that he thinks and sees little else. It becomes the chief thing of consequence in the world and he himself often acquires, in his own mind, an importance which disdains learning from any other source. His "specialty," with its problems and the opinions and theories of scholars, like a curtain, obscures his vision of the great world and its possessions. He is described perfectly by Edgar Allen Poe in *The Sphinx*. The insect, known as the sphinx, crawled slowly across the window pane. The man sitting near by, with eyes out of focus, projected the vision into a monster of gigantic size, larger than an elephant. It took some time to convince the man that he was the subject of an illusion. Just so, many who have "outgrown" Mormonism are merely perpetrating a fraud upon their senses. They cannot or will not view their "specialty" in its proper relationship and importance to the many things and thoughts and truths in the world of human beings. They are out of balance with the world.

These various groups who are subjected to the ever present temptation to depart from the truth, under the caption of "outgrowing" Mormonism, should examine, carefully, the processes which are leading them astray.

(Concluded on page 111)

^{*}Discourses, p. 2

Melchizedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH,
CHAIRMAN; CHARLES A. CALLIS, HAROLD B. LEE, EZRA TAFT BENSON, MARION G. ROMNEY, THOMAS E. MCKAY, CLIFFORD
E. YOUNG, ALMA SONNE, NICHOLAS G. SMITH, LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, ANTOINE R. IVINS, RUFUS K. HARRY

1945 Stake Quarterly Conference Programs

THE following two letters regarding the stake quarterly conference programs for 1945 have been sent to all stake presidencies:

December 29, 1944

To Stake Presidencies

Re: 1945 Quarterly Conference Programs
Dear Brethren:

After careful study of the Melchizedek Priesthood committee and Council of the Twelve, the program for stake quarterly conferences for 1945 has just been approved. Details regarding the program appear in the December 30th issue of the *Church News*. The programs are now on the press. Sufficient printed copies for use of stake leaders will be mailed to you for distribution within the next few days.

The new conference program provides for four stake conferences as in the past, one each of which will emphasize the following:

1. General Melchizedek Priesthood
2. Seventies and missionary work
3. Elders
4. Aaronic Priesthood

During the first quarter, the stakes in group "B" of the "Stake Conference Schedule, 1945," will emphasize elders' work. At each quarterly conference throughout the year, there will be held a priesthood leadership meeting to be attended by the stake presidency, high council, stake clerk, stake Melchizedek Priesthood committee and appropriate leaders of priesthood and missionary activities in the stake. The discussion in this meeting will be led by the conference visitor. A part of the program for the general stake priesthood meeting will be scheduled and topics assigned under the direction of the stake presidency. The details, including the suggestive topics, appear in the *Church News* and also in the printed program.

At each stake conference, a mothers' and daughters' meeting will be held during the time of the general stake priesthood meeting. The program outlined for this meeting will be provided and the meeting will be arranged and conducted by the sisters, under the direction of the stake presidency. Programs for the four quarterly meetings will appear in the printed conference folder and the *Church News*.

The following schedule of stake conference meetings is recommended for adoption in all stakes:

Saturday

6:30 to 7:55 p.m.—Welfare meeting
8:00 to 9:30 p.m.—Priesthood leadership meeting

Sunday

9:00 to 10:20 a.m.—Priesthood meeting
9:00 to 10:20 a.m.—Mothers' and daughters' meeting
10:30 to 12:00 a.m.—General session

2:00 to 4:00 p.m. }
or } General session
An evening meeting }
(Time to be arranged by stake presidency.)

If a general session is held in the afternoon, it is desirable that a meeting be held under stake or ward auspices in the evening of a character particularly appealing to the young people.

In addition to the scheduled meetings the visitor will likely desire a preliminary meeting with the stake presidency and possibly other special meetings with stake officers.

It, of course, goes without saying that appropriate attention should be given to music, ushering, roll call, etc., as in the past. Further suggestions regarding these and other general items will also appear in the printed program and in the *Church News*.

Stake quarterly conferences are called in keeping with the revelations of the Lord and are intended for the entire stake membership. We particularly urge that special attention be given to the encouragement of the youth of the Church to attend these meetings.

We feel confident that the new program will meet with general approval and more nearly satisfy the needs of our people. We trust that you will do everything possible to acquaint your people with the new schedule and make necessary preparations so that the meetings can go forward in an effective manner beginning January 13 and 14.

Praying the Lord to bless you in your ministry, we are

Faithfully yours brethren,

COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

By George Albert Smith,

President

Melchizedek Priesthood Outline of Study, March, 1945

Text: *The Gospel Kingdom: Selections from the Writings and Discourses of John Taylor*

LESSON 56

THE MEANING OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

Text: pp. 225-228. Topics: The Philosophy Underlying Church Membership. Objects of Mormonism. Requirements of God's Followers. No Censorship of Truth. The Mission of the Members. The Meaning of Worship. Object of Meeting Together. Sacrament Meetings. Worship "In Spirit and In Truth."

Discuss: Are we seeking "to regulate the world in which we live"? (p. 225.) To what extent? What must we do to ourselves first? From previous lessons, what do you consider the relation of the idea of the kingdom of God to Church membership? Why is it necessary that all members of the Church "have knowledge of all doctrines and principles that are taught"? Why do the Latter-day Saints hold meetings?

LESSON 57

PROFESSIONS AND PROBLEMS OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Text: pp. 228-233. Topics: Professions in General. A Daily Reminder. An Item of Faith. Doing "As They Darned Please." Human Weaknesses. Honesty in Worship. The Mormon Position. To Be In the World But Not Of the World. Toleration. Promises to the Saints. The Only Fear. "It Is Good to Be a Saint."

Discuss: What does it mean to profess membership in the "Church and kingdom of God"? (pp. 228-229.) What are the Saints aiming to become? (p. 229.) Can one do "as he darned pleases" and do the will of God? Square your answer with the doctrine of free agency. Are we honest in our worship? (p. 231.) How would you describe the "Mormon position"? When do things go well among the Latter-day Saints?

LESSON 58

PROSELYTING THE KINGDOM OF GOD

Text: pp. 234-243. Topics (major): Proclaiming the Gospel Trends in Mission-

ary Work. To All the Nations. Instructions to Missionaries.

Discuss: Whose special responsibility is it to preach the gospel? How long shall we preach the gospel to the world? Is it dangerous to investigate religious principles? What tests does President Taylor suggest for Mormon doctrine? Do we still have to "combat the errors of ages"? (p. 238.) What instructions are offered to missionaries? How may we teach "with power"?

LESSON 59

THE WARNING TO THE NATIONS

Text: pp. 243-247. Topics: The Messages Being Fulfilled. Attitude Toward the World. What Mormonism is Doing. The Method. Men of the World. Unity of People in the Gospel. The Lamanites.

Discuss: What prophecies made by the early missionaries could John Taylor note as reaching fulfillment in his lifetime? What is the "little stone"? (p. 244.) Are we always correct in our attitude towards the world? What does it mean that "God has made of one blood all the families of the earth"? (p. 244. Compare St. Paul.) What is a Zion according to President Taylor? Has our obligation of warning the nations been fulfilled and completed? (Remember that the vast bulk of mankind live in Asia, one fifth in India, one fifth in China, speaking several hundred different dialects.) In view of the racial and other pressing problems that confront the world, what message of hope might be deduced from the topic (p. 247), "Unity of People in the Gospel"? What about the Lamanites? (Look up President Heber J. Grant's missionary labors as an apostle to the Lamanites in back numbers of *The Improvement Era*, undertaken under the direction of President John Taylor. Recall, too, that missions to South America were not opened until 1925. Have we reached the "Indian" nations of that continent yet?)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

To Stake Presidencies

Re: 1945 Quarterly Conference Programs

Dear Brethren:

We are enclosing herewith your supply of "Programs for Stake Quarterly Conferences." Please preserve these for use in your stake throughout 1945.

There is also enclosed a suggestive outline for the mothers' and daughters' meeting for the first quarter of 1945. This outline is suggestive only. Please feel free to modify it in any way that will suit best your local conditions and talent. We hope that from this outline, you will receive some indication of the type of programs intended for the mothers' and daughters' meetings in connection with stake quarterly conferences. For the second, third, and fourth quarters of 1945, you will be expected to provide your own program with the help of the outline provided in the printed "Program for Stake Quarterly Conferences." There will be no further detailed mimeographed copies sent you from Church headquarters.

May we suggest that you select women, to treat the various topics pertaining to family relationships, who are successful mothers and true Latter-day Saints.

We trust that careful and prayerful consideration will be given to the preparation and direction of the mothers' and daughters' meetings to the end that a finer mother and daughter relationship may develop, strengthened by a better knowledge of Latter-day Saint ideals.

Praying the Lord to guide you in your ministry during the ensuing New Year and always, we are

Faithfully your brethren,

MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE,

By Ezra Taft Benson

Questions and Answers Regarding the New Melchizedek Priesthood Roll and Report Books

(Continued. See "Improvement Era," January 1945, pages 31, 32.)

Question 9: What should be the basis for determining percentage attendance at priesthood group, quorum and stake priesthood meetings? Is it permissible to deduct the number of men in the service in computing percentage of attendance?

Answer 9: The entire Melchizedek Priesthood membership of the stake, quorum, or group, including members away from home in the armed service, should be included in calculating percentage attendance at the respective meetings.

Question 10: Is it permissible for priesthood quorums to make copies of the Confidential Annual Report to be kept in quorum files for future reference? If so, will additional copies of the Confidential Annual Report be available for this purpose, or may quorums make up mimeographed copies at the Church's expense?

Answer 10: Additional copies of the Confidential Annual Report are not available for quorum files. Quorums desiring to make a copy of "Part Two" of the Annual Report for future reference may do so. In the event quorum officers find from experience that a copy of "Part Two" would be of value to them, arrangements will be made to have this part of the report printed in duplicate for use in connection with future Annual Reports.

NO-LIQUOR-TOBACCO COLUMN

Conducted by
Dr. Joseph F. Merrill

The Evils of Cigarets, by Pegler

WESTBROOK PEGLER, confessed cigarette addict and well known as a fearless and plain-spoken columnist, recently wrote a column on the evils of cigarettes, published in *The Deseret News*, in which he said:

In all our excitement over the cigaret shortage, the most practical and beneficial solution has been completely ignored. That is to cut them out entirely. But, this would likely cause impairment of efficiency among some workers and soldiers due to worry when the smoking desire is not satisfied.

The American people consume every day tons of dangerous poisons that constantly reduce our normal efficiency. No honest physician can say that cigarettes are good for any person in any circumstances. No honest doctor can deny that they are harmful in many ways, for there is much scientific literature, never distributed, to show that they impose strains on the heart and circulatory system and cause irritations in the throat which invite infections.

The attitude of doctors in general is puzzling here. The best that any reputable scientific man can say of cigaret addiction is that an occasional cigaret, of itself, does so little harm that it may be smoked without any thought of the consequences. The minute quantity of poison in one cigaret a day would cause no inconvenience to any normal, healthy person. But all medical men know that there is, practically, no such thing as one cigaret a day. Smokers consume twenty or more or none at all, as all medical men know, and the effects of such quantities cannot be denied. They are definitely bad and many of them irreparable. Yet few smokers are flatly ordered to quit the habit cold until they have so far impaired their health that to continue might be fatal. . . .

Patients who are put on warning that they must break it off short or die usually will do so with no great inconvenience. Let a doctor warn a patient that he has a dangerous heart condition, aggravated by cigarettes, or an irritation that might be malignant and the victim has no trouble quitting. . . . Altogether, smoking is a vice with no compensating good effects.

And Pegler is right. Athletes in American colleges and universities are forbidden to smoke or drink because doing either would impair their efficiency as athletes. Abstinence from liquor and tobacco by war workers and soldiers would, as all honest informed persons know, improve the efficiency of our war machine.

The Cigaret Speaks

By E. Hassell

I'm just a friendly cigaret, don't be afraid of me! Why all the advertisers say I'm harmless as can be! They tell you that I'm your "best friend." (I like that cunning lie!) And say you'll "walk a mile" for me because I "satisfy." So come on, girlie, be a sport! Why longer hesitate! With me between your pretty lips you'll be quite up to date! You may not like me right at first, but very soon I'll bet you'll find you just can't get along without a cigaret! You've

smoked one package so I know I've nothing now to fear; when once I get a grip on girls they're mine for life, my dear! Your freedom you began to lose the very day we met, when I convinced you it was smart to smoke a cigaret! The color's fading from your cheeks; your fingertips are stained and now you'd like to give me up but, sister, you are chained! You even took a drink last night, I thought you would ere long, for those whom I enslave soon lose their sense of right and wrong. Year after year I've fettered you and led you blindly on, till now you're just a bunch of nerves with looks and health both gone. You're pale and thin, and have a cough—the doctor says "T.B." He says you can't expect to live much longer, thanks to me! But it's too late to worry now; when you became my slave you should have known the chances were you'd fill an early grave. And now that I've done my best to send your soul to hell I'll leave you with my partner DEATH—he's come for you! FAREWELL!—*The Human Culture Digest*. Edited by Dr. John T. Miller.

Idaho Alive

"The Idaho Civic Forces," a non-partisan statewide organization of church, civic, and educational organizations is doing good work in Idaho in securing obedience to and enforcement of laws designed to improve conditions for clean moral living. Liquor and tobacco laws as they concern minors receive special attention.

Committees on law observance and enforcement have also been organized in Utah and have done, and are still doing, good work. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

* * *

Alcoholism was the chief cause of the French Army's moral collapse and the worst of France's four greatest problems.—*Marshal Petain, France*

* * *

I drank only water; the other workmen were great drinkers of beer. They wondered to see that the Water-American was stronger than themselves who drank strong beer.—*Benjamin Franklin*

* * *

My experience through life has convinced me that abstinence from spirituous liquors is the best safeguard to morals and health.—*Robert E. Lee*

* * *

We are fighting Germany, Austria, and strong drink, and the greatest of these is strong drink.—*David Lloyd George, World War I*

* * *

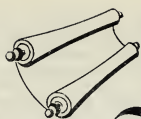
I have statistics to show that almost two thirds of America's motor car accidents involving death or serious injury can be traced to alcohol.—*Dr. A. J. Rosanoff, Authority on Mental Research*

* * *

I would rather lose my right hand than sign a document that would tend to perpetuate the liquor traffic.—*Abraham Lincoln*

* * *

Drink is the source of all evil and ruin of half of the working men of the country.—*George Washington*



Genealogy

Value of Microfilm Copies of Records

A RECENT incident demonstrates most effectively the importance of having microfilm copies of original manuscript records made to insure their preservation.

It will be recalled that the Genealogical Society has microfilmed approximately one million pages of records in North Carolina, including wills, deeds, court records, and so forth. Among those copied were the extensive records of Rowan County, which originally covered much of western North Carolina.

DEED RECORDS STOLEN

On November 17, 1944, the following letter was written by William D. Kizziah, Register of Deeds for Rowan County, North Carolina:

About three years ago, one of your representatives photographed many of the old records of this county, including the older deed records in my office. I have forgotten the name of the representative, but he was a very fine young man and very capable.

A few days ago, I went into the book vault to look up some records and I found that in Deed Book No. 7, the pages from No. 415 on to the end had been torn out and apparently stolen. We have been unable to find the pages and the only way that I know of replacing them would be to have copies made from the films that your representative made.

I will appreciate it if you will look at your film record and tell me what the last page number was in Book No. 7, Rowan County, N.C. Deeds, and also what it would cost to have legible copies made. These pages are very valuable, being dated prior to the Revolution, and it is a tragedy that anybody would steal this historic material.

PRECIOUS RECORDS REPLACED

A glance at our microfilm copy in the Genealogical Library showed that a total of seventy-five pages had been torn from Deed Book 7, including ten pages of index. We offered to make enlarged reproductions from our film copy the same size as the original page, for a nominal charge. We added, "This experience indicates the great value of having such original records micro-filmed."

Mr. Kizziah, the Register of Deeds, immediately replied, authorizing these reproductions to be made, expressing his own conviction as follows:

I agree with you that it is most fortunate that we are able to replace these priceless records which go back beyond the American Revolution and which otherwise would be lost to those who come after us. I personally appreciate the fact that your organization has done this great work and I wish to offer you the highest praise.

TEMPLE SCHEDULES FOR 1945

Temple	Baptism	Endowment	Sessions	Calendar
ALBERTA	Tuesday 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.	Wednesday (Friday by appointment)	Wed. 9 a.m., 2:30 and 7 p.m. Thursday, 9 a.m., 2:30 p.m. Special endowment sessions on request. Sealing sessions Tues. and Fri. 10 a.m. to 12 M.	Closes for summer July 27. Reopens Sept. 11. Closes for year Dec. 22, 1945. Reopens Jan. 2, 1946.
ARIZONA	By appointment	Daily except Saturday	Monday 7 p.m., Tues. 9 and 11:45 a.m., Wed. and Fri. 9 and 11:45 a.m. and 7 p.m., Thurs. 9 and 11:45 a.m. and 5:30 and 8 p.m.	Closes for summer June 29. Reopens Sept. 17. Closed Nov. 22. Closes for year Dec. 14. Reopens Jan. 2, 1946.
HAWAIIAN	Thursday	Monday Friday	6 p.m. Special sessions by previous arrangement.	Closes for summer during July. Closes for year Dec. 21. Reopens Jan. 2, 1946.
LOGAN	Saturday (Monday by special appointment only)	Daily except Saturday	Mon., 8:30 a.m. and 12:30 p.m.; Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri., 8:30 a.m., 12:30 and 6:30 p.m. Living sealings after first session. Sealings for dead after first session and on Saturdays.	Closed for April Conference. Also May 30. July 4 and 24. Closes for summer Aug. 1. Reopens Sept. 10. Closed for October Conference; also Nov 12 and 22. Closes for year Dec 22. Reopens Jan. 2, 1946.
MANTI	Daily (Saturday by special appointment)	Daily except Saturday	0 a.m., 1 and 6:30 p.m. Evening sessions Mon. and Thurs.	Closed Apr. 6 and 7, May 30, July 4, 24. Closes for summer July 27. Reopens Sept. 4. Closed Oct. 6, 7, Nov. 12 and 22. Closes for year Dec. 21. Reopens Jan. 2, 1946.
ST. GEORGE	Saturdays by special appointment	Daily except Monday	10 a.m. and 1:30 and 7:30 p.m. Evening sessions Wed. and Thurs., 7:30 p.m.	Closed July 4 and 24. Closes for summer Aug. 4. Reopens Sept. 25. Closed Nov. 22. Closes Dec. 22. Reopens Jan. 1, 1946.
SALT LAKE	Daily by appointment	Daily except Saturday	9 a.m., 1:30 and 5 and 6:15 p.m. Living endowments and sealings, 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. Sealings for dead after first session. Evenings by ward or stake appointments only	Closed Feb. 12 and 22; for Conference April 6, 7, May 30. Closes for summer June 29. Reopens Aug. 6. Closed Sept. 3, Oct. 6, 7, 12; Nov. 12 and 22. Closes for year Dec. 21. Reopens Jan. 7, 1946.

A FRIEND MADE FOR THE SOCIETY

After receiving these photoprints he wrote again:

These sheets are very good and will save to posterity the sheets that were stolen from our Deed Book.

Some day I hope to visit Salt Lake City and see the beauties of that section. We have a very beautiful state, with lovely wooded mountains, rolling plains and a fine coast line, making a very fine combination. However, I have always wanted to see your part of the country and some day I expect to visit Salt Lake City and while there, I want to go through your records in a general way. It is my understanding that you have the finest genealogical records in America. If you have a circular telling about them, I would like to have one.

Party Lines

By Frances C. Yost

THE elements were turned loose: the wind, snow and sleet, each in its particular sphere reigned king for a night. The telephone linesman awoke to find that his entire exchange was out of order. Immediately he set out to make right the damage done. His first step was to get in communication with his chief operator. From there he started on the

toll line. A gang of "trouble shooters" from headquarters labored along with the local linesman. Night and day the repairs went on until every family on every line was again a part of the great network of lines.

You, too, are a linesman. For there are lines running from you back to Father Adam. You, no doubt, have been on the live wire end of this hookup so long you didn't know your many lines were out of order.

Should you try splicing your lines, you will find people with courage, valor, bravery, and heroism. There will be found party lines with modest, simple home-loving souls abiding. You may find staunch pioneers, sturdy Puritans, New England Pilgrims, Mayflower passengers, Irish kings, English noblemen, Scottish chieftains, courtly ladies, brave knights.

You may find, too, a few austere characters. But do not try to cast them off your lines. Does not the telephone linesman find all kinds of parties on his exchange?

You say you have your surname line, or patriarch line "way back" you feel "hooked up" for eternity! Did the telephone linesman stop when he had his toll line operating? No, he stayed on the

(Concluded on page 103)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

WARD BOY LEADERSHIP COMMITTEE OUTLINE OF STUDY MARCH 1945

Text: HOW TO WIN BOYS

Note:

The text, "How to Win Boys," has been the study material for discussion during the Ward Boy Leadership Committee meetings since January 1943. A review of this book will now be conducted. Only discussion topics and questions will be suggested for the review. The practice of publishing quotations from the text will be discontinued. Leaders may obtain "How to Win Boys" at the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah, at one dollar, postpaid.

Topics and Questions—Chapter 1— "Fishers of Boys"

1. Discuss the author's thought that teachers are "Fishers of Boys."
2. The author asks us concerning the kind of "bait" we use in teaching boys. How many kinds of "bait" can you and your class members enumerate? List them on the blackboard and study them carefully.
3. Knowing the "bait" to use is one thing, but *knowing when and how* to use it is what really counts. What is your rating as a "Fisher of Boys"?

Topics and Questions—Chapter 2— "Who Can Teach Boys"

1. It's inventory time,—let us check up on our abilities to teach boys.
A few questions:
a. How well do you remember the problems of your youth? As you recall them, do you not also recall the persons who helped you in their solution? Possibly some of your problems went unsolved until you learned the hard way. Can you now save some boy this same unfortunate experience? It will be a real help to you in teaching youth if you will not permit yourself to forget your own youthful days and the problems you encountered and the help you received.
- b. Are you well informed? If you are not informed, and if you do not become so through persistent study, your chances to succeed as a teacher of boys are nil. If you are informed, guard against the mistake of resting on your oars. Continue to study and always make adequate preparation.
- c. Are you orderly? Are you punctual? Are your records well kept?
- d. Are you practical? Do you teach to the understanding of your students? Do they know what you are talking about? They are not interested in your oratory or how much you know. They are only interested in your application of gospel principles to their lives.

Stakes and Wards Report 100 Percent Standard Quorum Awards

To the Granite Stake goes the honor of being the first stake in the Church to make application for the Standard Quorum Award for 1944 for all quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood. Granite was the first stake in the Church to achieve this distinction. This is the fifth consecutive year this record has been made.

We welcome Sugar House Stake to the 100% group this year. Chairman Ernest J. Steinfeldt and his committee, with the whole-souled support of the stake presidency, set their sails for the 100% goal in 1944. It is a pleasure to welcome and congratulate Sugar House.

Word came from South Los Angeles Stake that they are again qualifying all quorums. This makes the fourth year for this fine stake.

At press time, we had no word from Highland and Phoenix stakes who were members of this distinguished group last year. We are not entertaining the slightest doubt, however, concerning their repeated achievement.

In the ward bracket, the honors again go to the Ogden Eighth Ward, Ben Lomond Stake, which marks the fifth consecutive year this ward has been first in the Church to present or post applications for all Aaronic Priesthood quorums. This year, their applications were completed and dropped in the post office at 9:25 a.m., or five minutes before the close of the last priesthood meeting of the year. Can anyone top this record for speed and efficiency?

The Twenty-first Ward, Emigration Stake, placed second in the Church with eight applications dropped in the post office at 8 p.m. after the last priesthood meeting of the year.

Cottonwood Ward, Big Cottonwood Stake, and Wilson Ward, North Weber Stake, placed third and fourth for filing applications for all quorums.

Youth Speaks



LAUREL WATSON

PRIESTHOOD'S BLESSING TO WOMANHOOD

(Address delivered during Long Beach Stake quarterly conference featuring Aaronic Priesthood work.)

It would be impossible, in five minutes or one hour, to enumerate all the blessings to womanhood through the

When Submitting Names for Standard Quorum Award

UNLESS care is exercised in correctly listing names of Aaronic Priesthood members for the Standard Quorum Award there will be considerable confusion, disappointment, and expense. Already several mistakes in spelling have been discovered.

Those filling out the applications should consult membership records for the correct spelling of names about which they are in the least doubt. This is an urgent note and should be given the attention it deserves.

Holy Priesthood for they are countless, and are associated with almost every phase or part of our life and daily living. There is very little of value, that we as Latter-day Saints, could accomplish or experience without the priesthood! In fact, were it not for the priesthood, the true Church of Jesus Christ would not have been restored to earth in this latter day, and this great organization, which we have come to love, would be non-existent and men would still be groping in darkness for light and truth!

The family is the basis of society on earth and the Lord desires it to endure throughout eternity. In the Latter-day
(Concluded on page 90)



Ward Teaching

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC. EDITED BY LEE A. PALMER.

Youth Speaks

(Concluded from page 89)

Saint home, the father is the recognized head. He has been ordained to the priesthood and presides.

We girls who are born into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints under the new and everlasting covenant of marriage have the great satisfaction that we will belong to our parents throughout eternity.

When we are only a few weeks old we are taken to sacrament meeting and given a father's blessing and a name by which we are known upon the records of the Church.

When we reach the age of accountability, we are baptized for the remission of our sins and receive the Holy Ghost who helps us to walk uprightly and who leads us into all truth.

The Church that was organized after the priesthood was restored with its wonderful auxiliaries enables women as well as men to develop their talents and to teach the ways of the Lord.

In the face of sickness we can call in the elders and through the exercise of faith and the power of the priesthood we can be healed according to the will of the Lord.

One of the high callings of the priesthood is that of a patriarch in Israel. Every worthy member of the Church may go to this inspired man and receive a blessing. Many a life has been inspired to glorious fulfillment by the words of inspiration given by a patriarch.

In reviewing these things, and the many other glorious truths yet unmentioned that come to mind, life, to me, would be almost empty and without purpose, were it not for the Holy Priesthood, this great power, delegated unto men to act and to officiate in the name of God—the Father of our spirits, with whom we hope to eventually be reunited!

Like many countless Latter-day Saint girls—speaking from the standpoint of womanhood, now that I am approaching the marriageable age, my thoughts turn even more persistently to the priesthood, and it is my prayer that I may find a companion who has magnified this calling, that he may take me to the House of the Lord, and that there, through the priesthood, we may be married for this life and eternity, and thus magnify all of life's precious gifts to a complete fulfillment of all that God has made possible to man! May I find that companion clean and pure, even as I desire, above all else, to be, and may we extend that purity, that spiritual fervor and integrity of life to our

WARD TEACHERS

The teacher's duty is to watch over the church always, and be with and strengthen them;

And see that there is no iniquity in the church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking;

And see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty. (D. & C. 20:53-55.)

Ward Teachers' Message for February, 1945

"PROFANITY"

PROFANE language, the taking of the name of God in vain, is rapidly becoming a cancer in the vocabulary of man. It is fixing a very real strangle hold upon the spirituality of its thoughtless victims. Profanity is vicious and is without excuse or defense. It is wholly incompatible with the accepted standards of a gentleman and of a lady. It is as a red hot iron burning its unmistakable brand into the spiritual fiber of the soul. When profane language moves into the life of man, the spirit of God moves out,—they cannot be at home in the same heart.

Why does man so flippantly call upon the name of the Lord? What does he think to gain through the unbecoming use of profane language?

It is not improbable that he thus, consciously or otherwise, attempts to compensate for some undisclosed feeling of inferiority. Perhaps there are personal limitations which stand between him and the recognition he so much desires. In the younger age levels, he is probably laboring under the delusion that profanity tends to give one that much desired "grown-up" feeling.

When, therefore, his own status and abilities are found wanting, there is a tendency to turn to the profane use of the sacred name of God, thinking that one is thus made to appear impressive, grown-up, equal, adequate. He may be more or less unconscious of the reasons for this sort of conduct but so is the spoiled child who resorts to tantrums of crying in varying crescendos in an effort to offset the disadvantages of his size, his lack of expressive speech, or the absence of intellectual poise.

Then there is the unthinking person who profanes without sensing its impropriety. He has formed a vicious and unbecoming habit without considering its effect upon his life. He would not intentionally offend the Lord, but his offense is very real and serious nevertheless. He probably has many good qualities, but these seem crowded into oblivion when he opens his mouth in profane cursing.

The sacred names of God and of Jesus Christ have a definite and very real place in the life of man. God is our divine Father. He is pure and holy. Anything suggestive of sin, whether in thought, in word, or in action, is offensive to him.

Our Redeemer is the Son of God. He created the earth upon which we live. He gave us the plan of life and salvation. He spilled his blood upon the cross,—for us.

How can a boy, or a girl, a man, or a woman be so disrespectful, so thoughtless, so base, as to profane the names of Deity? What shame that these divine personages should ever be spoken of in blasphemous language. "Let thy speech be better than silence, or be silent." Yes, better be deprived of speech, if thy speech destroy thy soul.

Remember, it was the Lord who said,—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." (Exodus 20:7.)

"Speech is the index of the mind." Are you proud of your index? Does it need revision? If so, do you have the courage and the strength to revise it?

posterity, for time and all eternity! It is my testimony that the priesthood is God's gift to man, and consequently to women also, and my prayer for all womanhood, is that her mission, pur-

pose and glorious destiny may be at the side of man in the eternal glories of that celestial kingdom where the power of the priesthood will be felt, exercised, and magnified without end.

Music

Ward Music Guild

FIFTH SESSION
(February)

By Gerrit de Jong, Jr.,
Dean of the College of Fine Arts,
Brigham Young University,
and Member of the General
Music Committee

It is imperative to the success of the musical part of our religious services that the chorister and organist come to an agreement before such a religious service begins concerning all the music to be used during the service. This agreement can result only from a deliberate conference between chorister and organist.

For instance, without definite understanding, the organist will not know how much to play as an announcement; the chorister will not know when the announcement has been concluded; the chorister cannot know when to have the congregation stand; the organist will be in doubt as to the number of interludes to play, and where to play them; and numerous other practical problems will arise to mar the smooth functioning of the Church musicians unless all these and other details are first discussed and decided upon.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT

Speaking technically, the tempo of the announcement played by the organist before the group of worshipers begins to sing, should be the same as the tempo at which the chorister expects his congregation to sing. But since all groups of singers, especially large groups, have a tendency to sing a little more slowly than the announcement is played, it is better for the organist to play the announcement slightly faster than the expected singing tempo. However, we should never allow ourselves to race through the announcement, as is done at times, thinking that it is of no great importance. The success of the singing to follow, is largely dependent upon the excellence and feeling with which the announcement is given.

The announcement should also def-

initely establish the key of the hymn to be sung. It is, therefore, not a good practice to begin playing at the beginning of the hymn, only to stop somewhere in the middle of the hymn, in order to avoid playing too much. The announcement should always end unmistakably on the tonic chord, whether that is at the end of the hymn or not. It is equally bad practice to begin the announcement somewhere in the body of the hymn, unless the beginning phrase is the same as the one that begins the hymn. Playing the chorus only, is also unsatisfactory and certainly inexcusable artistically. If playing of all the music would seem to be too much, begin at the beginning and skip at a place harmonically and rhythmically convenient to the last phrase or strain of the hymn.

THE INTERLUDE

Many of the functions of the interlude are like those of the announcement. It should definitely end in the key in which the singers are to sing the following stanza. It should also retain the same rhythmic pattern as the one used in the hymn proper. An interlude in which the rhythm of the hymn is entirely sacrificed is not only not helpful, but usually definitely confusing to the singers and choristers.

There is no fixed rule concerning the number of interludes to be played during a hymn. Formerly we played one after each stanza. This had a tendency to become monotonous, for it brought an undue number of repetitions of the climax of the hymn. Somehow a practice grew up in many places in our Church, of playing an interlude after the second stanza only, regardless of how that would affect the hymn as a whole. Any fixed procedure, no matter how good on a certain occasion, would probably become tiresome if it were made unalterable. The best way to decide how many interludes shall be used, and where they are to be played, is to study the text of the hymn to be sung, and consider the length of the stanzas.

Why do we play interludes at all? The intelligent discussion of this question may well lead to the appropriate solution of a particular problem. If it is for the purpose of giving the singers an opportunity to rest their voices and to have a breathing spell, then there is no reason why an interlude should not be played after every long stanza of a hymn, and perhaps none at all in certain hymns composed of very short stanzas. The important thing to remember in this connection is that there is not one fixed pattern but a variety of ways possible with differing hymns.

THE PRELUDE

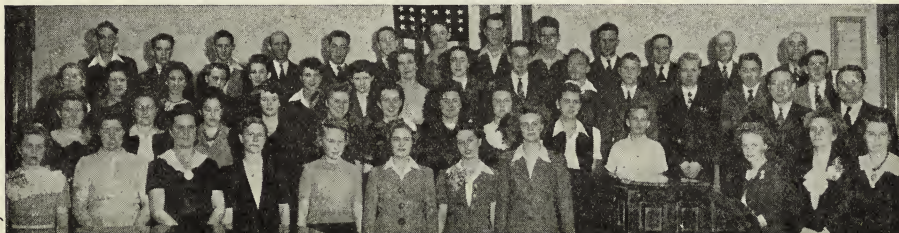
The organ prelude played before the formal opening of the meeting helps to create the spirit of that meeting. If we

(Concluded on page 94)

Pocatello Eleventh Ward Choir

The choir of the Eleventh Ward, Pocatello (Idaho) Stake, has been functioning since May 1944, when the new ward was organized. This choir began with thirty young people who sang during the summer months at sacrament meetings. As a fireside group, these young people meet at various homes each Sunday evening following sacrament meeting, for a social hour. With the fall season, senior members were added to make a choir of more than fifty members. They sang recently for stake conference. Vera B. Howard is conductor of the choir, with Gail W. Petty and June Parker, organists. President of the senior group is Dorothy Hawkes with Wanda Kerr, secretary. Officers of the junior group include Bob Prescott, president; Mary Martineau and Barbara Weston, counselors; and Shirley England, secretary. Wm. O. Tolman is bishop of the ward. The success of the choir is due in part to the support given by the bishopric. Instructions in conducting were given to the choir members during the summer, and a choristers' class is now being organized in this ward.—Alexander Schreiner

ELEVENTH WARD (POCATELLO STAKE) CHOIR





Homing

Festivals in the Home

By Laura Gray

MISS HEART walked toward the Sumner's home intent on doing a good deed. Mrs. Sumner, she knew, was away.

A boy of eight answered her knock on the door of the roomy old house.

"Is Mabel in, Billy?" Mabel, fifteen and eldest of the seven Sumners, was surely the one to speak to first.

"Yes, come in; here she is." He led her into the comfortable living room.

"Mabel," the visitor addressed a fair, young girl who came in through another doorway, "how would you like to come on a picnic with me this morning? I want all of you to come."

"Thank you, Miss Heart. That certainly is kind of you! But this is Mother's birthday. She's coming home from Aunt Nan's. Aunt Nan has been sick, and Mother has been helping her. Come and see the cake we've made!" A happy smile lit up her sweet face.

On the kitchen table was a magnificent confection.

"Mabel made it and iced it, but we put the candles on," a boy of seven said, pointing to pink tapers.

"We don't know how old Mother is, so we put on all the candles that were in the box," confided another little fellow.

The front door burst open, and ten-year-old Madge ran in. "Hi, everybody! I found some lovely flowers—beauties!—up on the hill where the burnt house is." She laid an armful of syringa, honeysuckle, iris, and field daisies on the table. She was as dark as Mabel was fair, and her round face sparkled. "Where are there some vases? Martin Matt says the train is right on time!"

With this announcement the family broke into hurrahs.

"We're going to decorate the rooms. Daddy's bringing a lovely present for Mother, and each of us has a present for her, too!" piped a wee girl, dancing with excitement. "It's almost like Christmas!"

"Indeed, that's fine!" Miss Heart moved toward the door. "Perhaps another day you would like a picnic."

"Yes, we would love one!" Mabel showed the visitor out.

Festivals serve not only as pleasurable occasions, but also to bind those who take part into a close relationship. Home festivals, especially, have greater value than we sometimes realize.

Dad has a birthday. Mother and son together buy a gift. This is an exciting secret just between mother and the boy.

Another day, son has a birthday—his festival! Thanksgiving, Christmas, what

wonderful times these can be, with friends and relatives! So many surprises! Such happy conversation!

Halloween, St. Valentine's Day, Fourth of July—don't let any slip by unnoticed. Even the departure or return of a member of the family often offers an opportunity for a celebration. These events need not take much energy or outlay, and they do pay. On April first, a simple trick played on the children at breakfast time will send them smiling to school, and can show them the kind of joke that is worth while.

Yes, home festivals, no matter how simple, enrich family life, and so are well worth cultivating.

Here's How

Teacher Shortage

The United States is still suffering from a serious shortage of qualified teachers, the U.S. Office of Education reports. Trends indicate that seventy-five percent more emergency permits will be issued to "under-qualified" teachers this year than were distributed last year. In 1943-44, 69,423 such permits were issued. The number of prospective teachers enrolled in teacher-education courses has decreased by more than half since the beginning of the war. The demand for well-prepared teachers, says the Office of Education, will continue to be heavy for several years.

Why You Must Save All Kinds of Paper

EACH month, 35,000,000 V-boxes go overseas to the armed forces. It requires 81 tons of supplies a month to send a soldier overseas, and these supplies are all made, wrapped or tagged with paper.

Your wastebasket scraps can help supply the needed wrapping and packaging materials—if you make sure they are collected.

Blood plasma is needed for treating the thousands of wounded and sick left in the wake of war. Every precious bottle of plasma is wrapped in corrugated paper and boxed in heavy brown paperboard.

Your corrugated cartons and cardboard boxes can go into blood plasma containers—if you make sure they're collected.

Civilian use of paper and paperboard products has been seriously curtailed to meet all military demands for these

products. Before normal civilian needs can be met again thousands of tons of waste paper will be needed by the mills.

Your old magazines and books can help meet present vital needs—if you make sure they're collected.

Industry's conversion to peacetime production and the demobilization of the armed forces will require vast supplies of paper.

Your old newspapers can help return the nation to peacetime pursuits—if you make sure they're collected.

Every scrap of every kind of waste paper is needed today.

—U.S. Victory Waste Paper Campaign

Handy Hints

Payment for Handy Hints used will be one dollar upon publication. In the event that two with the same idea are submitted, the one postmarked earlier will receive the dollar. None of the ideas can be returned, but each will receive careful consideration.

* * *

Many women may be interested in my substitute binding for magazines I wish to save. I puncture three holes, one each at top, bottom and middle, within one-half inch from the left outer edge (back), lacing a new twenty-four-inch shoe string through each set of holes (through twelve magazines), draw strings tightly and tie in bow at both front and back middle. These can be quickly laced or unlaced as desired, but keeps them together for immediate use. (I use an ice pick and hammer, to make the holes).—O. R. Mesa, Arizona.

To prevent sweater sleeves from becoming stretched and worn, sew a piece of cotton material the same shade as the sweater, inside the cuff. This can also be done to keep pockets in shape.—Mrs. H. E. Mountain View, Alberta, Canada.

Use a potato ricer to squeeze out that hot compress. With it you can use water much hotter than your bare hands can stand.—Mrs. J. S. S. Lehi, Utah.

When putting in a hem use bobby pins. For a short hem hold them down a little and for a large one use the whole pin. Place about six inches apart all around the hem.—Mrs. C. H. J., Los Angeles, California.

To prevent the white crust that forms on baby's bottles when boiled in hard water, put the bottles in a clean sugar sack, then place in pan of water and boil. This will leave the bottles clear and sparkling, with no trace of the hard water deposit.—Mrs. E. S. C., Idaho Falls, Idaho.

To remove the colored print from flour and sugar sacks place a piece of paraffin in the water in which the sacks are boiled.—B. S. P., Salt Lake City, Utah.

If there is any starch left over on wash-day, use it instead of water for scrubbing hearths and tiles. It will keep clean longer and make them look like new.—Miss L. P., Gaffney, South Carolina.

Try starching your homemade rag rugs next time you wash them. They will lay flatter on the floor and stay clean longer.—V. G., Salt Lake City, Utah.

Cook's Corner

Josephine B. Nichols

RATION your food budget and red stamps to include a good breakfast for your family, which will give them a good start for the day's activity. No child should be allowed to go to school without a good breakfast.

Menus and Recipes

Grapefruit Halves

Egg A La Goldenrod or Creamed Fish on Toast
Milk

Stewed Fruit (Apricots or Prunes)

Omelet

Quick Butterscotch Rolls

Milk

Stewed Apples filled with Rolled Oat Cereal

and Top Milk

Crisp Bacon

Toast

Milk

Scrambled Eggs

Buttered Cinnamon Bread Toast

Milk

Eggs A La Goldenrod

- 2 or 3 hard cooked eggs
- 1 cup medium white sauce
- 3 slices toast
- salt and paprika

Cook eggs by placing them in a kettle full of boiling water; cover and let simmer (not boil) for 25 minutes.

Chop the egg whites fine, add to the sauce, and season. Arrange slices of toast on serving dish and pour the egg mixture over them. Sprinkle with the egg yolks which have been run through a sieve.

Quick Butterscotch Rolls

- 2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons light corn syrup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 4 tablespoons melted fortified margarine
- 6 tablespoons dark corn syrup

Sift flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in shortening. Beat egg and add syrup and milk. Add to flour mixture, stirring only until flour is moistened. Turn out onto a lightly floured board and knead gently one-half minute. Roll out one-fourth inch thick. Brush with butter or margarine. Roll up jelly-roll fashion. Cut in one-inch slices. Put one-half teaspoon of margarine and one teaspoon of syrup into each muffin pan. Put slices in pans and bake in a moderately hot oven (425° F.) fifteen to twenty minutes. Makes 1 1/2 dozen.

Stewed Apples Filled with Rolled Oats Cereal

Wash and core apples. Steam in small amount of water until tender. Remove apples without breaking to cereal bowl, fill core cavity with hot rolled oat cereal. Serve with top milk and sugar.

Cinnamon Bread

- 2 cakes Fleischmann's yeast
- 1/4 cup lukewarm water
- 1 cup milk
- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar

(Concluded on page 94)



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BE ONE WHO GETS B FROM NUT-LIKE ROMAN MEAL PORRIDGE



ROMAN MEAL IS A YEOMAN MEAL... FOR PORRIDGE AND BAKING

ROMAN MEAL SOME WAY - EVERY DAY

(Concluded from page 93)

- 1 teaspoon salt
- 5 to 6 cups sifted flour
- 2 eggs
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

Soften the yeast in water. Scald milk, add shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, and the salt. Stir in two cups of the flour, and beat until smooth. Add yeast and eggs, and combine with rest of flour to make a soft dough. Knead on a floured board until satiny. Place in a greased bowl, cover, and let rise in warm place, until double in bulk (about two hours).

Divide dough in half, and roll each half into a rectangle about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and six inches wide. Spread with melted fat, then sprinkle with the cinnamon and sugar which have been combined, reserving one tablespoon of mixture to put on top of the loaf. Roll up lengthwise, jelly roll fashion, then pinch ends together. Place in two greased loaf pans, smooth side up, and brush tops with melted fat. Let rise in a warm place until tripled in bulk (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours), then sprinkle surface with cinnamon and sugar mixture. Bake in a moderately hot oven at 375° F. for fifty minutes.

Music

(Concluded from page 91)

want a devotional attitude to pervade our religious services, we should select music with that in mind. Animated, restless music is likely to put the congregation in a similarly restless mood.

THE POSTLUDE

Postlude music is really like a great benediction expressed through music, the logical extension of the benediction expressed in words. Music, not too soft, with slowly changing harmonies, is best suited to those of our meetings held in relatively small meetinghouses.

SACRAMENT MUSIC

Sacrament music is incidental music; that is, background music, calculated to help establish a mood of true devotion. It is not "solo" music in the strict sense of the word. The more the attention of the worshipers is drawn to the music played while the sacrament is passed, the more it has defeated the very purpose for which it is played. Organists who receive many compliments on the solos they play during the sacrament, are either playing their music in an inappropriate way, or are selecting and using inappropriate music. The worshipping assembly should never become directly aware of the incidental sacrament music; such music should be felt rather than heard.

This observation should not be construed to mean that sacrament music should be overly soft. Solidity of tone is no objection to good sacrament music any more than it is in the case of music played for other occasions. "Asthmatic" music (the kind that results from insufficient pumping of a reed organ) should be especially avoided.

In preparing sacrament music it is best to select music that is devoid of any associations foreign to the sacrament, if possible. So-called neutral music, such as is found in abundance in many organ collections, is best for the sacrament.

HOT DOGS A NEW WAY!



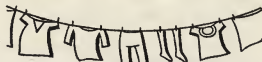
So easy to do, too!

Here's how: mix "Durkee's" with a little water and minced onion, cover split frankfurters; let stand 15 minutes. Bake in moderate oven.

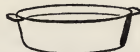
It's unrational

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Keeps baby things immaculate

LOTS OF SUDS

EVEN IN HARD WATER



News from the Camps

THE following letter came to us from Dr. A. R. Olpin, a native Utahn, now director of the Ohio State University Research Foundation:

Recently I had a very unusual experience on the train between Columbus, Ohio, and New York. I was eating breakfast in the diner with two army majors headed for New York and a lady sociologist from New York City. One of the majors remarked that he had had an experience on the train which was unique in his twenty-eight years of army duty. He had encountered four young men in navy uniform who had rejected a drink when offered them and had then unthinkingly refused to accept cigarettes when passed, saying that they did not drink or smoke. He commented about the apparent youth of these boys and said that later he noticed when they were reading, they were reading "funny" books.

I was very curious by that time to know where they came from, and the reply was much as I expected: "They are all Mormon boys." Everyone at the table seemed to expect that answer. The major said he had written their names in his book and was making a report of it, for it was the first time in all his experience that he had run onto such clean-cut young chaps who had complete mastery of their conduct.

I asked to meet the boys, and he escorted me forward through seven or eight Pullman cars until we came to them. All were electrician's mates headed for the Edison Training School in Hoboken, New Jersey. Three of the boys were from Utah, the fourth was from South Dakota.

I told these boys what the major had said and emphasized that they attracted far more attention of their superiors by maintaining the ideals which they had been taught than by seeking to become just another one of the crowd. . . .

WE left North Africa to make an amphibious landing in Italy as one of the contingents of the invasion army. Our air force had done a good job of clearing the way overhead, so we were not obliged to dodge bombs the first day. The enemy ground forces had been backed up for several miles, so we also were not put to the inconvenience of dodging shells.

Soon after arriving, I had the unusual opportunity of holding religious services with a combined group of American colored soldiers, American white soldiers, and German prisoners; the latter had been fighting us a few days before. The colored soldiers sang the first song, the white soldiers the second; and the prisoners, standing in reverence and with heads uncovered (on the other side of the barbed wire barricade) sang the third. All seemed very appreciative. Afterwards I took occasion to inform the German boys that I was a Mormon and inquired if they had ever heard of Mormons. One of them answered in very precise English, "Salt Lake City in Utah, yes."

Very recently our outfit made a move to a new position. We were traveling in a truck convoy through towns and hamlets in a blackout. As the Italians caught sight of the steel-helmeted, fully armed soldiers, they would give us a rousing cheer. As we

roared into one town we suddenly sensed that something was wrong. People were running frantically through the streets, mothers were calling for their children, little boys and girls were crying. We came to a stop. There was the unmistakable droning sound of bombers overhead. Ahead of us tracers were lighting up the sky in a gorgeous fireworks display. Our convoy had somehow become separated, and since no bombs were falling near us, it seemed safe to walk ahead to find the rest of our trucks. I hadn't gone a block when "z-z-ing," a solid object was whizzing down from above. I ducked into an alley only to find it already occupied by others more speedy than myself. There was no explosion. It must have been shrapnel. Twice more before the raid was over we had repetition of this experience.

We learned later that part of our outfit hadn't been so lucky. One man was struck by shrapnel, while across the street from D company 22 men were killed. I spent a Sunday morning visiting the wounded in the hospital.

The evening following this incident, I held services with two of our companies several miles from headquarters. I had just returned and had gone to my office to study awhile by lantern light before going to bed, when the battalion commander stepped in and invited me to accompany him on a reconnaissance trip to the front. What a night that turned out to be! The sky was aglow with the lights from exploding shells that seemed somehow to lose their artistic appeal the minute we got within range. Shells whistled by us again and again and exploded behind us, ahead of us, and on both sides. Finally, when one shell landed a few hundred feet away and killed five men as it burst, the major decided that we had reconnoitered enough.

The next night I was holding a service with the men of company D. Attendance was 100%. (You have no idea how popular a chaplain becomes after a few bombing raids.) We had just got the service well under way when here came the familiar sound of German dive bombers, and we dove into fox holes. I landed on top of somebody already occupying the ground floor with the brief apology, "I hate to do this, you understand, but 'C'est la guerre.'" He understood. Once I yelled out, "If you think you are bad off, pity poor Corporal Whitaker. I'm on top of him," but there is nothing like a bombing raid to rob men of their sense of humor; nobody laughed. Twice planes dived down toward us and released their bombs near enough to us that the concussion made the earth reel to and fro.

After the raid we continued with our service. Sermon topic? "Prayer." We got both practice and theory in one lesson. As we were continuing with the meeting, three men from an adjoining outfit were brought in with shrapnel wounds. Among our men there were no casualties.

Life is never dull over here. It is constantly interesting. I am enjoying it all. It is the greatest opportunity that has ever come to me. I know that God looks out for those who are doing his work, and I feel that I am engaged in his service. Would it seem strange if I were to confess that I am actually happy? Yet it is so.

Sincerely yours,

Edlin Ricks

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On The Bookrack

BENEATH BEN LOMOND'S PEAK
(A History of Weber County, 1824-1900. 606 pages. 160 illustrations. Published by the Weber County Chapter of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. \$4.00. Milton R. Hunter, editor.)

THIS is a model county history. An unusual wealth of detailed information is organized and illustrated with such skill as to make each of the forty-three chapters easily read, and an intriguing story in itself.

First, the natural features of Weber County are described, and the pre-pioneer history told. Then follows the story of the development of the region, from sagebrush to modern life, during half a century, by the pioneers, their descendants, and later settlers. The recital of the religious, educational, social, economic-industrial, and political activities of the people, makes one of the best and most vivid accounts available of the manner in which the Utah pioneers made the desert bend to their will. Stories of pioneer life and of Indian behavior, and there are many, sometimes cause a laugh, and as often a tear. Personalities, mostly heroic figures, there are a plenty, but so placed in the text as to invite interest and avoid monotony.

While the book is a history of Weber County, it is as well a history of the people who pioneered the Great Basin and showed how a civilization could be built in the great West. It pictures the methods they employed and the lives they led in their courageous toil for victory over surrounding conditions. It leaves the thrilling lesson that wherever he goes, man may subdue nature to his needs. The value of this volume extends far beyond Weber County.

The book is based almost wholly on manuscript material. That was made possible by the diligent, intelligent, loving labors of the Weber County Chapter of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Over a

period of thirty-five years the Chapter had collected and preserved historical data concerning Weber County. Then, they took the large responsibility, financial and otherwise, of employing a competent historian to use their material, and of securing the publication of the volume, in its attractive format. They are wise and courageous daughters of wise and courageous parents. The spirit of the pioneers yet lives! We bow to them in respect and admiration. The Chapter certainly has justified its existence.

There is a foreword by President David O. McKay, summarizing in appreciative words the value of their work, and commending the women who have made it possible.

An equally appreciative note is sounded in the preface by Dr. Hunter, who shows himself in this work, as he has in others from his hand, a most competent historian and attractive writer.—J. A. W.

HEART THROBS OF THE WEST, VOLUME 5

(Kate B. Carter. Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. 554 pages. \$2.50.)

THE heart throbs not only make good reading for young and old, in every household, but render, also, a unique and valuable historical service. Students of the early West have more and more occasion to refer to the wealth of material contained in these volumes. Compiler and society are entitled to much praise for their useful, successful labors.

The present number is filled to the brim and overflowing with interesting and often rare pioneer lore—dramatic, and soberly historical. The pages are crowded with stories of Mormon place names in the United States; pioneer customs, playgrounds, journalism, love stories, hotels, dairies, lighting systems; with personal letters, pioneer songs,

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and a history of woman suffrage in the West. The missionary journal of John T. Caine, who served on the Hawaiian Islands 1854-56, is filled with the local color of the days. As a foreword there is an excellent appreciation of the work of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers by William H. Reeder, Jr., president of the New England Mission.—J. A. W.

SAND FORT FOR THE RAILS

(J. Melvin Gibby. Western Lore Press, Los Angeles, California. 136 pages. \$1.25.)

This unique little volume carries on each page a brief paragraph of sound wisdom, interspersed with occasional poems by the author, of a stimulating kind to young and old. It is a unique and inspirational book.—J. A. W.

MANY A WATCHFUL NIGHT

(John Mason Brown. McGraw-Hill Co., New York. 1944. 219 pages. \$2.75.)

This book is an experience, both for the information contained in it and for the manner of its writing. Lt. Brown of the U.S.N.R. was on one of the boats that made the invasion of Normandy. Significant as this is, it is not the most important reason for reading the book. What is really significant is the masterful way in which the author makes us feel what the men experience and what the countries have suffered who have borne the constant attacks of the enemy.

It is difficult to explain in a few words the true worth of such books as this which at one and the same time make us realize the ordeal through which our servicemen are passing and the worth of the cause for which we fight—in spite of some of the things which we do not like that go on in the name of war.—M. C. J.

CHILDREN OBJECT

(Sabra Holbrook. Viking Press, New York. 1944. 197 pages. \$2.00.)

To those who work with children, either as teacher or parent, this book will offer a challenge to the old, easy-going method of direction. This book, an outgrowth of *Youthbuilder* activities which is the title given to a youth movement in the New York public schools—indicates ways in which these young people themselves met the issues of our day, and theirs, in a sane, satisfactory manner.

The wholesome feature of the whole book is that the young people were encouraged to express themselves fully and honestly, and then, directed by wise adults, to reach sound conclusions. If all young people throughout the United States could be as wisely led, the government would have nothing to fear inasmuch as to gain from these young people when they become lawmakers themselves, for as Sabra Holbrook states: "Children can't learn to be good citizens out of books only—but through opportunity to practice the responsibilities of citizenship now instead of waiting until they are twenty-one. Children know that experience in democracy is the best education for democracy, but how many adults do?"—M. C. J.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(Joseph Wood Krutch. Henry Holt and Co., New York. 1944. 599 pages. \$3.75.)

Like Dickens, Samuel Johnson was an institution rather than a person—and Mr. Krutch has been able to imbue his readers with this biography with that feeling for Johnson, who largely dominated the eighteenth century by the very force of his prodigious wit, evidenced through his writings and his conversations.

Writing with gusto, the author has taken care to authenticate the material he uses—not only by long-famous Boswell, but also by recently published works, which shed a

new light on the great man. The result is a most interesting volume which recreates, through the life of its most illustrious member, a whole era of English literature.—M. C. J.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

(Smith and Miller. Macmillan Company, New York. 1944. 565 pages. \$3.00.)

PERENNALLY popular, the *Iliad* now comes to life in a new translation that should assure its popularity, for the authors have made a line-for-line translation into English of the dactylic hexameters of the original Homer's *Iliad*. To the work of translation Dr. Smith brought the scholarly qualities of philosopher, student, and critic. Upon his death, the final revision was prepared by Dr. Miller, with the generous aid of several eminent Homer scholars.

Those who would duplicate as nearly as possible the feelings of those who can read the *Iliad* in the original tongue in which it

was published will do well to read this volume.—M. C. J.

SOLDIER TO CIVILIAN

(George K. Pratt, M.D. McGraw-Hill, New York. 1944. 233 pages. \$2.50.)

THE problem of how to greet the returning soldier, how to help him readjust to the strangeness of family life, how to direct him into vocational security and civilian living, confronts all of us in this day when few households have been spared the sorrow of all-out warfare. The author of this book is an eminent psychiatrist who knows at first-hand army life, and therefore, the problem of the returning serviceman.

Some of the chapter headings will indicate the scope of the work: What Equipment Did the New Soldier Take With Him? What Did Military Service Do to the Former Civilian? How the Army Prevents Strains of Adjustment Getting Reacquainted With the Family.—M. C. J.

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A Courageous Man

By J. G. McQUARRIE

SEVERAL years ago a very unusual character attended the special semi-annual priesthood meeting in Salt Lake City. His hair was white, his face had a sagebrush tan. He had been afflicted with arthritis. His finger joints were enlarged, and his knee joints had become stiff. He wore shoes which he strapped on to his knees and by the aid of two crutches he managed to get about. In spite of all his handicaps, he had been successful in dry farming. Roy Bundy was introduced to Bishop M. O. Ashton, and his story was so unusual that Bishop Ashton asked for and received the following information which is transcribed in Brother Bundy's own language:

I was born of goodly parents on a homestead in Dawson County, Nebraska, on the 7th day of April, 1885. I came to Utah with my parents, arriving at Bunkerville, Nevada, August 18, 1895, and was baptized there on September 3, 1895, by Bishop Edward Bunker, Jr. We lived there until the spring of 1901 and then moved to Colonia Morelos, Sonora, Mexico—another prairie schooner trip of 740 miles. We arrived at Morelos, October 12.

I was married on September 5, 1907, in the St. George Temple by David H. Cannon to Miss Iverson. After that, life commenced in earnest for me. We went back to Mexico where our first two children were born. Then the Mexican Revolution came on. I had the privilege of looking down the barrels of loaded guns in the hands of Mexican "Red Flaggers." I also had bullets whistle over my head and cut the leaves from the trees. We became refugees. Eleven years of ups and downs, joys and sorrows,—the hard earnings of my life went. We went to a refugee camp at Douglas, Arizona, and



BROTHER BUNDY HUSKING CORN AFTER IT HAD BEEN SNAPPED OFF IN 1943

were expensive. We had to buy all of our supplies at St. George, Utah, sixty-five miles northwest over a very rough wagon road. But we were schooled in the university of hard knocks, so we could take it and like it. Others came and we called the place Mt. Trumbull. It became a ward on the 11th day of November, 1928, with myself as bishop.

I had an attack of arthritis on Christmas Day, 1928. My eldest living boy was only fifteen; he helped with the cattle and sheep. His elder brother had been drowned in the Colorado. Farming stopped largely for the time being for lack of help. Apostle Widtsoe said in *The Utah Farmer* that where white sage grew, wheat would also grow. I believed it and put it to the test. I heard President Grant one time in conference at Overton, Nevada, stop a speaker when he quoted, "All things come to those who wait." President Grant said that all things come to those who work and wait. I believed that also and put them together—there was no conflict.

Since that time "work" and "wait" have been the watchwords of Roy Bundy. He has weathered depressions, discouragement, and illness. He cleared his land and with the help of his children planted grain. In spite of his affliction, he worked hard and was able to get along during the hard years that followed. In 1936, the Church helped him to buy farm machinery. A neighbor worked with him, and they planted and reaped good crops of corn and wheat.

In 1943 he harvested corn and beans and raised hogs. Like all the farmers of these war years, he has been handicapped by scarcity of labor. Since his boys are in the service of their country, he has had to call upon his younger children. He says:

Juanita who is fifteen learned to drive the truck. The tractor had no starter, so she pulled it with the car, and I engaged the clutch, no easy task for a cripple. But without that machinery, there would not have been the hogs raised or anything else besides cattle and horses, as it is pretty nearly impossible to have a girl hook up a span of horses. Besides, I could not have driven them as I did the tractor. I knew labor was scarce, so I raised hogs to harvest the corn. Beans were not very good, but we were able to raise enough for ourselves and some for our neighbors.



PUTTING UP RYE HAY AT MT. TRUMBULL, ARIZONA

later to La Grande, Oregon. Finally, we returned to the Moapa Valley, Nevada.

At the invitation of Bishop Tom Jones, I lived there four years and worked harder than I had any other four years of my life to try to make a new home. In 1916 I drove off and left it and took up a homestead at Mt. Trumbull, Arizona, as this territory was open for homesteading that year.

Then World War I came on, and supplies

THE LOST PATHFINDER

(Continued from page 79)

FEVERISHLY he rounded up supplies.

Forty horses and ample provisions were obtained from Major Beale of the army who had been operating in this region against the Indians. Four Mexicans who were acquainted with the country were induced to assist Godey on the return trip to rescue the starving men. Because of winter conditions, it was the second day after arriving before the relief party was on the return trail.

At the insistence of Kit Carson from Taos, New Mexico, Fremont, nearly snow-blind and with a badly frosted leg, waited in the quiet of Carson's home for the return of the rescue party. Kit had served as guide for the Pathfinder in his first exploring expedition, and on the second expedition had accompanied him into the Oregon and California territory. Now he was proud and happy to serve as host to the great man. Restlessly Fremont waited for word from his men.

"This waiting, Kit—it's unbearable!" Fremont, reclining on a couch in Carson's home, raised himself on his elbow, and stared into the blazing hearthfire. His pained eyes were seeing sputtering campfires in mountain snow-pits. "Wish I'd gone after them myself, then I'd know!"

"But, Captain, you couldn't a-gone. Another day in the snow and you'd a-been plumb blind. And that leg of yours wouldn't have stood any more freezin'. A one-legged pathfinder wouldn't be much use to the government. You made it here safe, and sent relief back. What more could you expect to do? Why, Godey and the Mexican boys will do all you could have done. I'd a-gone, you know, only Godey said there wuz no need. Here, take this hot drink and see if you can get some sleep."

BUT Fremont could not forget. A semi-invalid, for two heart-sick weeks he waited before word came. Then Haler, a haggard skeleton, with but four of the men from camp, came dragging into the settlement. Eleven of Fremont's courageous men lay dead in the San Juan snows. Bit by bit Fremont drew from Haler the tragic story.

"When King didn't show up on the fourth nor the fifth nor the sixth day, we started out," explained Haler as he sat in the comfortable firelight of Kit Carson's home, his black eyes dark and round from long privation, "we cached the baggage the best we could before we left. We'd only gone two miles when Manuel came up and begged me to shoot him. His feet were turning black, and he said he couldn't make the trip. He turned back to camp alone. I guess he died that night. Ten miles down, Wise gave out. He threw away his gun, then his blankets, and a few rods further he fell over in the snow. The two Indian boys of the party wrapped him in his blanket and buried him by the river. That night when we were sitting by the campfire without anything to eat, Carver started saving.

He thought he was eating all sorts of things at a Thanksgiving dinner with his folks. We were all afraid of him. Next day, while he was still talking queer he wandered off, and we didn't see him again.

"A little later, Sorrel keeled over in the trail. Morin was snow-blind and nearly dead so we built a fire and left the two men beside it and pushed on. We couldn't wait. That evening Hubbard killed a deer. That saved us. But it didn't last long with eighteen of us to eat it. That deer and a grouse or two was the only game we found on the trip.

"Finally we broke into little parties. The two Indian boys and five others stayed with me. Our bunch decided if any of us gave out, the rest shouldn't wait for him; but should build him a fire and leave him a pile of wood and go on. Hubbard was the first to give out. We built his fire and left him without turning our heads to look at him. A little farther on we built a fire for Scott and left him. Rohrer wanted to give up, but I talked to him about his family, and told him to hang on a little longer. The two Indian boys went ahead of the rest of us; and that night in the distance we heard three straight shots. That was their signal to tell us they'd found help.

"Next morning, early, Godey and his relief came up. We all hugged him and cried like babies. We didn't wait long. I turned back with Godey to learn if Scott and Hubbard were still alive. We saved Scott all right. But Hubbard must have just died, for his body was still warm.

"The men of the other parties came in and got filled. Most of them wanted to rest in a camp by the river while Godey and his Mexicans went to get out the baggage from the upper camp. Godey gave us some horses to ride, so five of us came on to let you know how we was."

THROUGH the telling, Fremont listened, pale and rigid. Such disaster was almost overwhelming! Eleven of his thirty-three men dead! One hundred and twenty mules lost, besides the twelve that went to rescue the baggage! His money and equipment—except the valuable instruments he always carried on his body—buried in the snow! Fremont had to acknowledge the snows had defeated him. Yes, this time.

But five years later he made the trip successfully. Over the Cochetopa Pass, the right pass this time, and on westward to the California coast, he surveyed the uncharted country. Because three high mountain ranges and the mighty canyon of the Colorado lay across this proposed central route, it was found to be impracticable for the overland railroad.

That road was run instead nearly two hundred miles to the north, across Wyoming plains and was completed to the Pacific Coast in 1869.

But Fremont's five expeditions were not in vain. They revealed to the na-

(Concluded on page 100)



Newlyweds moved next door to Mrs. Gibson. One day she found the bride in tears.

"It's my biscuits," Mrs. Newlywed wailed. "John says they're like paving bricks."

"Cheer up," Mrs. Gibson consoled her. "I'll bring over my new package of Fisher's Biskit Mix, and to-night you can have biscuits that will surprise John."

Next morning Mrs. Newlywed came over, all smiles. "The biscuits were perfect—John said they were the finest he'd ever eaten—so you and Fisher's Biskit Mix have saved the day. I'm going right down to my grocer's and buy a package of Fisher's Biskit Mix for myself."

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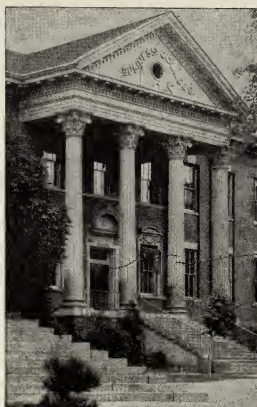
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(See order blank on page 97)

The Lost Pathfinder

(Concluded from page 99)

tion the geography of unknown regions. He had helped to map the United States. They revealed, too, the dauntlessness of this man of courage. And when the nominees for president of the United States were selected in 1856, Fremont was one of the honored three. And greater than all other honors, Fremont lives today in American history as the Pathfinder of the West.

Abraham Lincoln and Joseph Smith

(Continued from page 78)

Mr. Lamborn refers to the late elections in the States, and from their results confidently predicts that every State in the Union will vote for Mr. Van Buren at the next presidential election. Address that argument to cowards and knaves; with the free and the brave it will effect nothing.

You remind Brother Utah that frontiersman Davy Crockett met President Van Buren about this time, and his description of Van Buren was even more critical than Joseph's. Among Crockett's milder observations was:

When a year old, Van Buren could laugh on one side of his face and cry on the other. He struts and swaggers like a crow in the gutter.

Pratt's *Diary History* shows Lincoln was right in Springfield and engaged in court cases during the five days Joseph was there in 1839. Query: Did Lincoln and Joseph Smith meet each other in Springfield during Joseph's visit in 1839? There appears to be no information extant on this point. We do know that Joseph's host, Judge Adams, had engaged in a bitter controversy with Lincoln in '37 and each had accused the other of derelictions. Lincoln went so far as to publish details of an old indictment brought against Adams many years previously in the state of New York, and yet Adams won the election. But such are the ways of election campaigners. Nevertheless, history is clear that Lincoln and Adams were not on good terms, and in the natural course of events it would seem that Joseph did not meet Lincoln through Adams.

LINCOLN as a member of the 1840 Illinois Legislature voted in favor of the very liberal Nauvoo Charter which was a potent factor in the growth and success of that city. A letter headed "Springfield, December 16, 1840," from John C. Bennett, to the *Times and Seasons* in Nauvoo, says in part:

. . . and here I should not forget to mention, that Lincoln, whose name we erased from the electoral ticket in November (not however on account of any dislike to him as a man . . .) had the magnanimity to vote for our act, and came forward after the final vote to the bar of the house, and cordially congratulated me on its passage.

Thus the 1840 Illinois Legislature of which Abraham Lincoln was minority leader granted the Nauvoo Charter

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

Abraham Lincoln and Joseph Smith

about one year after Joseph's 1839 visit in Springfield with Judge Adams.

Brother Utah's notes reveal to you, interestingly enough, that the Nauvoo Charter was signed by Mr. W. L. D. Ewing, as speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives. Pratt's *Diary History* for November 24, 1840, shows Ewing defeated Lincoln for speaker of the Illinois House by a vote of 46 to 36. If a half dozen members had perchance switched their votes from Ewing to Lincoln, Lincoln would probably have signed the Nauvoo Charter as speaker in place of Ewing.

You remark to Brother Utah that Stephen A. Douglas was the Illinois secretary of state who had enrolled the Nauvoo Charter in the official archives of Illinois.

"Joseph knew the soul of Douglas, perhaps better than Lincoln ever knew it," says Brother Utah sadly, taking his memoranda from you.

"It was right in this county seat of Carthage on May 18, 1843, in the home of Sheriff Backentos in the course of an intimate discussion that Joseph the Prophet drew the veil from the future and told Stephen A. Douglas to his face he would some day aspire to the presidency of the United States but if he ever turned against the Latter-day Saints he would feel the weight of the hand of the Almighty. Joseph died in '44. Thirteen years later, in '57, the United States was on the verge of sending Johnston's Army to Utah to punish the Mormons. The whole nation looked to one man to say what should be done. One man in high public office had known intimately Joseph Smith and the Mormon people. This man was U.S. Senator Douglas of Illinois, the virtual leader of the Democratic party, and its candidate for president three years later. Despite existing national prejudice, a favorable word from Douglas could have forestalled what looked like certain ruin for the Mormon exiles. But for what he deemed pure political expediency, Douglas sold the Mormon people down the river and urged they be destroyed root and branch. And then in 1860 Abraham Lincoln defeated him for the presidency. Within a year Douglas died of a broken heart."

"Not only was Douglas the political opponent of Lincoln," you recall to Brother Utah. "He was a rival of Lincoln for the hand of Mary Todd."

"Douglas knew both Joseph Smith and Abraham Lincoln," sighs Brother Utah. "In the progress of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, as they journeyed from place to place, it's not unreasonable to suppose Douglas told Lincoln about Joseph Smith and his views."

You tell Brother Utah that just a century ago Joseph Smith was here in Nauvoo and Honest Abe was a country lawyer practicing chiefly in the Illinois Eighth Circuit, stretching from Spring-

(Continued on page 102)



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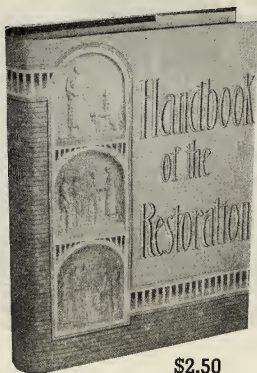
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Abraham Lincoln and Joseph Smith

(Continued from page 101)

field in Sangamon County, north to Mason, two counties over from Hancock of which Carthage is county seat.

"Abraham Lincoln was a candidate for presidential elector in 1840 from the district including Nauvoo and Springfield," says Brother Utah, "but as pointed out in John C. Bennett's letter, Lincoln was defeated." You'll be interested in an extract from Pratt's *History, Lincoln, Day-by-Day* for 1842-43. It shows Joseph Smith was in Springfield the closing day of '42 and of '43, and Smith was in Springfield the same time as defense counsel at the impeachment of an Illinois judge, Thomas C. Browne. (See illustration I, page 78.)

You recall why Governor Ford of Illinois arrested Joseph and how Joseph was released. Earlier in 1842, an attempt had been made in Missouri to slay notorious ex-governor Boggs. Joseph Smith, who had been a citizen and resident of Illinois for more than three years, and who had not so much as been inside Missouri during that time, was charged with the attempted murder. Joseph firmly denied the charge. Nevertheless Missouri tried to extradite Joseph, claiming he was a fugitive from Missouri justice. Without warrant of law, Governor Ford of Illinois signed the papers for the Missouri extradition. Thereupon Joseph sued for his release in the United States Court at Springfield before U. S. Judge Pope. Judge Pope rendered a decision wholly in favor of Joseph who was discharged from custody and returned to Nauvoo.

States Brother Utah:

"There's an interesting slant about Attorney Joseph Lamborn, attorney general of Illinois in 1843. Lamborn appeared on behalf of Governor Ford in Joseph Smith's case before Judge Pope, and a day or so after appeared as attorney against Judge Browne in opposition to Abraham Lincoln who handled Judge Browne's defense. Pratt's history shows Lincoln was victorious. Incidentally, at the close of Joseph's trial, Joseph bestowed a blessing on Judge Pope's son who was much taken with the prophet. Pratt's history for December 3, 1838, shows Judge Pope was the very judge who admitted Abraham Lincoln as an attorney to federal practice in the U. S. circuit court at Springfield. Lincoln conducted a case before this fair-minded judge. Justin Butterfield, Joseph's chief counsel before Judge Pope, was attorney in opposition to Lincoln in a number of leading cases at the Illinois bar. Joseph's journal says, 'Esquire Butterfield managed my case very judiciously.' Joseph's journal says he, Joseph, departed from Springfield after the trial on January 7, 1843, to return to Nauvoo. Pratt's history shows Lincoln was in Springfield during these days but again there's nothing to show

Abraham Lincoln and Joseph Smith

definitely that Joseph and Lincoln met each other in '43. But the fact Joseph was regarded as the sensation of Springfield justifies the inference that during this period Lincoln must have learned something of Joseph."

You reflect that Joseph Smith was some three years older than Lincoln and both men died as martyrs. Brother Utah's penciled notes show no entry in Pratt's *Diary History* for Lincoln for the day of Joseph's martyrdom on June 27, 1844, but on July 5 of that year Lincoln was in nearby Peoria on a law case. No doubt Lincoln learned of Joseph's death shortly after it occurred.

"I can tell you one thing, Mr. New York," says Brother Utah, "if the Congressional Library at Washington tells the truth, President Lincoln borrowed the Book of Mormon during the troubled days of the Civil War and had it in his possession from November 18, 1861, till July 29, 1862. Reason would indicate he read it, or at least parts of it. There's a copy of the Lincoln receipt. (See illustration II, page 78.)

Asks Brother Utah, "Do you remember that Lincoln, as president, said twenty years afterward, when the bigots demanded of him what he proposed to do about the Mormons?"

You shake your head.

"LET THEM ALONE!" says Brother Utah. It was called Lincoln's three-word policy."

You are satisfied. The first-hand knowledge gained by Abe Lincoln, the Springfield country lawyer about the Mormon people must have had a profound effect on Lincoln's attitude toward them in their critical period, and when he was president of the United States.

Genealogy

(Concluded from page 88)

job unceasingly until every family on every rural line was part of his great system.

For general repairs on your lines you may contact your genealogical class at Sunday School, if you are in need of "trouble shooters," by all means make communication with the Genealogical Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. But keep those lines running smoothly, lest the time come, in the great hereafter, when your lines will cease to function, even for you. The telephone users never missed their phones until the circuit was broken.

Like the telephone linesman, you may have to do a great deal of digging to extend those lines to your goal, to Father Adam. But in all your work, on all your lines never, never get a short circuit between yourself and your Chief Operator, or all communications will be grounded. And, who knows, perhaps there are linesman on the other end of those lines putting in a call for you!

THE BETTER WAY

(Continued from page 69)

Peace is the price of eternal vigilance and constant righteous efforts. A noble and godlike character is not a thing of favor or chance, but is a natural result of continued effort and right thinking, the effect of long-cherished association with godlike thoughts. An ignoble and bestial character by the same process is the result of the continued harboring of groveling thoughts.

Man is made or unmade by himself. In the armory of thought he forges weapons by which he destroys himself; he also fashions

the tools with which he builds for himself heavenly mansions of joy and strength, and peace.

That is the message of the Savior. From the heart come good thoughts and bad thoughts.

By the right choice, and through application of thought, man ascends to Divine Perfection; by the abuse and wrong application of thought, he descends below the level of the beasts. Between these two extremes are all the grades of character and man is their maker and master.

(Continued on page 104)



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(See page 97 for order blank)

THE BETTER WAY

(Continued from page 103)

Peace, as Jesus said of the kingdom of God "cometh not with observation: Neither shall you say lo here! or, lo there!" Behold, the source of peace is within you.

This fact is emphasized throughout the teachings of Jesus, most particularly in the Sermon on the Mount. Each Beatitude names a virtue, and contributes to the perfect state of peace for the individual. The opposite attitude or condition of mind shows the source of confusion and strife.

The poor in spirit are they who are

conscious of their destitution not of worldly possessions but of heavenly riches. Those who experience this condition run counter to them who arrogantly manifest pride in personal accomplishments or acquired possessions.

Those who *mourn* are they who weep not because of the loss of wealth or of earthly emoluments, but who sense their own deficiencies in spiritual possessions. That feeling runs counter to the calloused, indifferent, and self-satisfied.

Meekness is closely allied to the poor in spirit, but in addition to consciousness of a dearth of spirituality, meekness connotes a reserved dignity—a reservoir of self-control. A meek person may be quiet, unvengeful, and not pusillanimous. Jesus said of himself: "I am meek and lowly of heart," and as he stood before Pilate, saying: "My kingdom is not of this world," the Roman governor beheld one who possesses all the attributes of greatness, and caused him to declare: "Behold the man!" The unmeek are proud, resentful, revengeful.

Those who *hunger and thirst* after righteousness have hearts and minds yearning for the truth. Those who are opposite seek the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and bask in the pride of life.

Those who *show mercy* will obtain mercy. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven." The opposite of mercy is hard-heartedness, cruelty.

The *pure in heart* are those who are sincere. Inward purity stands in contrast with painted hypocrisy. One who cherishes this virtue is always in the best of company. He lives nearest the eternal. Surely it is he who will see God.

Daniel Webster was once asked what was the greatest thought that had ever occupied his mind. He answered:

There is no evil we cannot face or flee from but the consequences of duty disregarded. A sense of obligation pursues us ever. It is omnipresent like the Deity. If we take to ourselves wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say that darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close, and in that sense of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther on we shall find ourselves followed by the consciousness of duty—to pain us forever if it has been violated, and to console us so far as God has given us grace to perform it.

Weighed against conscience the word itself is but a bubble. For God himself is in conscience lending it authority.

The *peacemakers* are truly the children of God. They stand in direct opposition to the quarrelsome and contentions.

Jesus recognized that these are ideals leading to the kingdom of God, and that only a few might obtain them, for,

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Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. . . . Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat. (Matthew 7: 13, 14.)

CONCLUSION

SOME say that the teachings of Jesus are too idealistic, and his emphasis on unselfish love is too extreme. On this point the author of *Man's Social Destiny* comments:

Both Europe and America would apparently "step down" the Christianity of Christ and make it simply an ameliorative influence in a world which is accepted as necessarily evil. It is still not easy for the world to believe, any more than in Christ's day, that genuine love presents a way of life for both individuals and groups. Men still find the greatest difficulty in accepting this central core of Christ's teachings. Speaking of the difficulty, and comparing the way of love to a tiny gate, Professor Wieman rightly says: "When one looks out upon the human race, the way it has come and the way it must go, and sees that tiny gate so obscure that one must search to find it, and so lowly that one must stoop to enter it, and yet the only way to life, the only escape from ruin for mankind, one is sobered. One cannot hope that there will be continuous days of easy power and prosperity, for in such times men miss the way of love, and this automatically brings destruction and the end of such comfortable periods. Civilizations will be transitory until men in large numbers go this way of love."

It must be admitted that our civilization may easily fail to find the narrow gate and may prove to be transitory. But if it does, some other civilization will find it; and it is scarcely probable that the essence of Christianity, as we have just stated, will pass away. Sometime, somewhere, men are bound to discover that the spiritual and social life of mankind is subject to law not less than the physical world. If we blunderingly persist in building our civilization upon the self-interest of the individual, or even upon the selfish interests of classes or national groups, then we may be sure that it is built upon the sand and that some other civilization than ours will profit by our mistake.

If we do not want some such calamity as this to befall us, then our churches must speedily transform themselves into educational institutions to educate the young and also adults into Christ's way of life.

Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams,

Shall we decry them and scorn them?

That men shall love one another,
That white shall call black man brother,
That greed shall pass from the market place,
That lust shall yield to love for the race,
That man shall meet with God face to face—
Dreams are they all

But shall we despise them—God's dreams?

Dreams are they—to become man's dream!

Can we say nay as they claim us?

That men shall cease from their hating,
That war shall soon be abating,
That the glory of kings and lords shall pale
That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,

That the love of humanity shall prevail—
Dreams are they all,

But shall we despise them—God's dreams?

—Thomas Curtis Clark

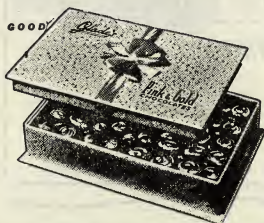


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That greed shall pass from the market place,
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Dreams are they all,

But shall we despise them—God's dreams?

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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

(Continued from page 81)

my Father in heaven for his help and guidance which I have often been blessed with in many different ways. I don't think the Norwegian Mission ever has been in such a condition before as we have had for the last three years, without connection with Zion. This has been difficult in many ways, one can't get away from that fact. But we have many good and loyal brothers and sisters who each in their own place are doing their best, and I don't think the Saints have agreed as well before as they have done these last years. . . .

Wartime Sacramental Set

ELDER SAMUEL O. BENNION of the First Council of the Seventy has received this letter from Buddy Spears, who, with his family, was converted in the Central States Mission at the time President Bennion headed that mission, and who is now "somewhere in the southwest Pacific":

. . . I have been working with Norman Ahern, a marine whose home is in Salt Lake City, in making a sacrament set for our Church meetings. We made sacrament cups from 20 mm. shells cut off to about an inch in length. The tray for them is of oak wood with a polished brass handle. Bread trays, and a bowl to wash our hands before administering, we made from aluminum casing in which five-inch shells are stored. The crowning feature is a pitcher of brass, made from a 40 mm. shell. We hammered out a spout in front and welded on a handle. It holds just enough to fill our twenty cups.

We are quite proud of the set and feel that it adds much to our meetings. We hope to increase our attendance soon to the point where we will be using all the cups in every meeting. . . .

Bishops, Presiding Elders

RRACE SECOND WARD, Bannock Stake, J. Floyd Smart succeeds Fred D. Burton. Hagerman Ward, Blaine Stake, Stanley Penfold succeeds Emerson Pugmire.

Burley Second Ward, Burley Stake, Vern Carter succeeds John L. Holyoak.

Declo Ward, Burley Stake, Burdell Curtis succeeds H. Theron Jacobs.

Leamington Ward, Deseret Stake, Lawrence Jay Nelson succeeds William Bradford.

Mound Fort Ward, Farr West Stake, Albert B. Kowallis succeeds Elmer Peterson.

Axtell Ward, Gunnison Stake, Arnold Amtoft succeeds Carlyle Wardell Sorenson.

Fairfield Branch, Lehi Stake, Elvin L. Carson succeeds Charles H. Carson.

North Long Beach Ward, Long Beach Stake, Frank B. Milburn succeeds Aaron T. Poole.

Eden Ward, Minidoka Stake, Carl S. George sustained.

Homedale Ward, Nampa Stake, Leland William Waite succeeds Elmer C. Barlow.

Queens Ward, New York Stake, Paul S. Dixon succeeds Karl G. MacDonald.

Kakaako Ward, Oahu Stake, Arthur D. Doak succeeds Joseph B. Musser.

Waikiki Ward, Oahu Stake, Jay M. Quealey, Jr., succeeds Fred E. Lunt.

American Falls Ward, Pocatello Stake, Edward Quinlan succeeds William E. Barkdull.

BOISE STAKE HONORED MISS EYA LABRUM, MRS. RACHEL RICH, AND MRS. LILLIAN STUART, RETIRING STAKE PRESIDENCY OF THE Y.W.M.I.A., AT A BANQUET.



MISSIONARIES ENTERING THE MISSIONARY HOME DECEMBER 4, AND LEAVING DECEMBER 13, 1944



First row: Joseph Jenks, Jane Lamb, Mrs. O. J. Bateman, Mrs. Henry H. Weese, Don B. Colton, Maria M. Hymas, Rosella Kofod, George J. Ward, and Aileen H. Hansen.

Second row: George Z. Lamb, O. J. Bateman, Henry H. Weese, Archibald G. H. Webb, George Kofod, Emily W. Chapman, Joan G. Y. Hale, and David C. Lindsay.

Third row: Dennis Whipple, William Henry Garner, Dora B. Jensen, Aaron L. Cheney, Elvira Farnes, Lovina H. Miller, John H. Chapman, and Edward H. Hale.

Fourth row: Ellen B. Peterson, Geraldine Cazier, Henry C. Blunck, Ernest Olson, Arthur L. Cox, Wesley A. Clausen, M. M. Miller, J. H. Wilding, and Thomas N. Perkins.

Fifth row: Peter Lewis Peterson, Charles Wiley, Maude Wiley, Frederick W. Huxhold, Kenneth M. Sundberg, Christian D. Peterson, G. H. Hall, and James R. Rawlings.

Sixth row: Paris L. Fillmore, F. Ellis Anderson, and William E. Berrett (instructor).

THE CHURCH MOVES ON

Eugene Ward, Portland Stake, Ralph B. Lake succeeds George P. Renstrom.

Marsh Center Ward, Portneuf Stake, Leonard D. Hickman succeeds James E. Capell.

Westwood Ward, Reno Stake, Glen L. Thurgood succeeds Wilford W. Snyder.

Nineteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, Golden A. Stucki succeeds Eli D. LeCheminant.

Glendale East Ward, San Fernando Stake, Irwin W. Harmon succeeds Walter Low.

Maywood Ward, South Los Angeles Stake, Karl H. Miller succeeds N. Ursl Anderson.

Murtaugh Ward, Twin Falls Stake, Duane Perkins succeeds Royal C. Tolman.

Ashley Ward, Uintah Stake, Charles LeRoy Richens succeeds Alma Preece.

Jensen Ward, Uintah Stake, Moroni Moon succeeds J. Ross Merrill.

Maeser Ward, Uintah Stake, William Harvey McKee succeeds Lester Bingham.

Arlington Ward, Washington Stake, Byron F. Dixon succeeds John H. Smith.

Greenbelt Independent Branch, Washington Stake, Vincent J. Christensen succeeds Louis L. Madsen.

Excommunications

LEAH MATSON TUFT, born September 16, 1916. Excommunicated October 22, 1944, in La Cienega Ward, Inglewood Stake.

Katherine Wallace Mills, born April 11, 1906. Excommunicated November 19, 1944, in Sacramento Ward, Sacramento Stake.

Margaret May Graham Musser, born May 19, 1908. Excommunicated November 16, 1944, in Lincoln Ward, Granite Stake.

Olive Young, born August 18, 1920. Excommunicated December 11, 1944, in Kanab North Ward, Kanab Stake.

Walter Linke, born May 21, 1886. Excommunicated December 18, 1944, in Berkeley Ward, Oakland Stake.



WHITE LINEN

(Continued from page 73)

green hillside. I see cattle and sheep. You will never go hungry, then, Sarah."

"John—please don't say such things. How can you, after what we have gone through—the drought—the 'hoppers'—the Indians—" Sarah sat down on a rawhide chair and took her pan of greens in her lap, sorting them with lagging fingers.

The fire was in John's eyes and voice, still. "Yes," he went on, "I know just the place where it will be: west of the Weber River. Peter Boyle says I can use his team in exchange for the first grain I raise. Herrick is willing to loan me more seed if I need it. The place lies west of the Weber, Sarah—west to the lake and as far south as Kay's Creek. No white man has ever entered a home-site there."

The protest in Sarah's heart burst like a flame. "But time is flying by. All men look to the future; but women think only of what will happen now."

John's face sobered and the light in his eyes died away. Sarah was right. He should have gone with the teams to Oregon, where it was reported there were jobs to be had.

He watched her thin white fingers as she sorted the bulbs and placed them in the iron kettle. His little wife, fading away before his very eyes! He got up suddenly and went to the door.

"Put the linen cloth on, today, Sarah! I'll be back time the greens are done. I'm going over to Pete Boyle's to get some salt bacon he promised me." Remorseful and determined, he left the little cabin that, later, was to be taken apart and floated, log by log, down the river to the site of their new West Weber home.

THE summer passed, and the days and nights flowed into a saga of weeks. Sarah was a little stronger now, and looking forward to the time when her baby would come. From some mysterious source she seemed to find

strength for her coming ordeal. As is the way with women, she lived for the day, the hour, and the needs of the moment.

"Perhaps my baby will not live." Over and over the thought persisted, as she recalled her sister Connie's words, "You're starving, Sarah. Your baby can never be born."

Sarah replaced the hand mill on the shelf, and slowly poured the ground wheat into the kettle of boiling water. While it simmered on the live coals, she set the table, thankful that Connie had brought half of her morning's supply of milk, for their own cow had perished the winter before. Sarah wished, oh, so fervently, that she could use the white linen cloth—the table looked so bare. "Perhaps a bowl of wild flowers would look pretty in the center," she thought. "John will be starved. I must hurry."

She went out the door and up to the top of the knoll behind the cabin. Completely out of breath, she dropped to the ground and lay there, spent and exhausted.

Weakly she reached out and gathered the flowers nearest her—the little wilted blooms that had pushed up through the baked soil. "The flowers are like my baby," she thought, "my starved little baby that can probably never be born."

She thought of John and his vision of their future home. A white house on a green hill. Cattle, sheep, crops growing. Men see only the future. John did not know that her need was now.

As though answering her from within her body, a pain pricked her side. She was conscious that it had been there before like a warning, a signal. She got up, still clutching the wild flowers in her hands, and stumbled down the path to the cabin. . . .

Sarah opened her eyes. She had come awake long enough to know that John had come some time during the night,

(Concluded on page 108)

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WHITE LINEN

(Concluded from page 107)

and that her child, born soon after, was alive, though she hadn't heard it cry. She knew, too, that it was a girl baby—a tiny skeleton, Connie had said, covered with wrinkled parchment skin. With great effort, she lifted the weight of her dark fringed eyelids and saw, beside her on the pillow, the doll-like form wrapped in a clean, though ragged, piece of gray blanket. She could not see its face, but she knew there was plenty of time for that. The baby would live!

A warm wave dispelled the ice that had congealed in her limbs. She would—she must live, too. How hungry she was! As if in answer to the thought, her sister held a spoon of hot broth to her lips. She swallowed it eagerly and held her mouth open for more. Later, when she could raise her arms without such great effort, she called softly to John, "We'll name the baby Miriam. It means, 'Out of the depths.'" John nodded, and a look of gratitude re-

placed the worry in his face. He took the child from the bed and held it in his arms, renewing his vow to make a real home, a new home, west of the Weber.

"Put the linen cloth on the table, today," he called to his sister-in-law. "We'll celebrate and praise God for his blessings."

Sarah heard her sister's gasp of dismay. She smiled, and a faint blush tinged her white cheeks. "I had to use the cloth for something else, John," she said.

As though she had anticipated this moment, Sarah called, "Connie, please bring me the willow basket."

Connie came, bearing the basket as though it were a sacrificial offering on the altar of love.

With trembling, eager fingers, Sarah took several small folded garments from the basket. Neatly stitched, they were soft and beautiful. "Look, John," she breathed, happily, "it's not every baby that can have a layette made of pure white linen."

THE PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

(Continued from page 77)

was told that these had been built by the stage people for their men and horses.

This is only a small brackish spring situated on the western slope of Indian Mountain, and from this point one can look to the south and see Drum Mountain; to the west and see three ranges of mountains, first Dugway, then Fish Springs, and, finally, Deep Creek; to the northwest is Pilot Peak, in Nevada; and on a clear day one can see the Black Pine Mountains in Idaho.

A book could be written about stories those old time squint-eyed, bowlegged, leather-skinned riders of the range told, and which were supposed to have happened at this place, whenever we camped in this locality on our regular spring roundup of horses. Those stories had to do with murder, buried gold, Indians, in fact almost every subject one could imagine, and some of those old timers were past masters when it came to telling stories.

The way those old timers stretched the truth, at times, would put some people to shame, for their stories had an eight-way stretch—up, down, in, out, back, forth, right, and left, and the strange part of it was they told them for the truth and offered to fight any man, or group of men that dared question the truthfulness of anything they had ever said. Here is the story one used to tell time and time again.

"Was camped at Simpson one night and wanted to get an early start to get my freight rolling. When I woke up, the sun was shining. Gosh, I was mad but got up and made a fire and had breakfast almost ready when I looked at my watch. It was midnight. Well, sir, when I looked at the watch, the old sun must have seen what time it was,

for it began to slide back down, and inside five minutes it was dark as night, so I went back to bed, but say, I had a good one on the old sun next morning, for I was up and away before he got up and would you believe it? He was forty minutes late in getting up."

Now for a bit of history that really happened here: Some of the California volunteers were stationed here, as well as at other stations, to protect the route. Here it was those volunteers kicked up considerable dust, if the stories those old timers told were true, and if they were, then those volunteers did more harm than good, for only twice have I heard that they did any real good—once at Fish Springs, and the other at Schellbourne. But wait until we get to those stations for the stories, and let us tell what happened at Simpson.

Those soldiers had little to do, so one day they hired one William (Bill) Riley, who was a hostler at the station, to locate a band of friendly Pah-Vant Indians that had camped in the neighborhood. Riley located the band at Coyote Springs about six miles to the south. The soldiers rode out and killed every person at the camp, including bucks, squaws, boys, girls, and papooses, and started back, having made up a story to tell of how they had been attacked by them, and they had fired only as a matter of defense. As they started to ride away, they saw an Indian running down towards his camp, coming from the mountains to the east. He had heard the shooting and the wailing of his people so had come from where he had been hunting to investigate. The soldiers saw him and fired at him, for well they knew now their story would not bear investigating. So they gave chase, but he eluded them and escaped into the mountains. He was Peah-namp, head man of the camp. They rode back

THE PONY EXPRESS STATIONS

to Simpson with none too good an opinion of themselves. When we get to Canyon Station we will see what happened to Riley and four of the soldiers.

NINE miles southwest from Simpson is Riverbed Station, so named from the fact that it is situated on the bank of a dry river bed that is both wide and deep and is where, some claim, the Sevier River once flowed on its way to Salt Lake before the sands down near Delta filled the old river bed and changed the course of the river to flow south and form Sevier Lake. There was plenty of bunch grass here, and a well had been dug, and the water hauled to Dugway Station, still another ten miles further southwest.

Dugway Station was so named because the road going west from here takes up quite a dugway to get over the mountains. Now the road between here and Riverbed is almost level, and a person can see a rabbit miles away. Here also was a well some said over one hundred feet deep, dug through solid clay, and the dirt at the bottom was no more moist than it had been at the top, so it was a dry one. Two events happened between these two stations that might be worth mentioning.

A lone woman passenger of the stage awoke and found the horses standing still. She investigated and not finding the driver, gathered up the lines and drove to Simpson. Port Rockwell was there. She was a noted character and was known to carry a revolver and was also known to be able to take care of herself under any and all conditions. Port examined the gun and found one empty shell in it, listened to her story, and let her continue east while he went to investigate.

When he found the driver's body about one mile west from the Dugway station, he loaded it in his buckboard, drove to the old well, and dumped it down. When he returned to Salt Lake, the stage coach officials demanded he arrest the woman. They said he had been taking things into his own hands, of late, a bit too much to suit them, and they wanted a change. He re-

fused. Then they demanded he bring the body in so they could investigate. He told them it was too hot to attempt to haul a dead body that distance, but if any of them wished to investigate, he would be glad to go back with them and lower them down the well and let them carry on all the investigating they wanted to alone with the body. No one wanted to go. Why didn't Port arrest the woman? You see, this particular stage driver had been seen with a young squaw back at Fish, and Port had warned the driver sooner or later the old buck would catch up with him, which he did, for Port found a short thick arrow shot into the driver's heart. He thought it a good enough joke to keep from the stage people.

The other story: A large shipment of gold was being sent east from California. No one was supposed to know about it except the Express Company (this was a stage express) and the telegraph operators. Shortly after the first story came through, a telegraph operator, one that was forever experimenting with wire tapping and home-made instruments, left the company.

When the shipment started, an extra bullion guard was placed there to protect it. Port was to take it from Rush Valley to Bridger, Wyoming, but when the stage driver went down from Dugway mountains he saw a lone horse out in the flat. As the stage drew nearer, he and the guard could see a man lying on the ground near the horse. They drove up and stopped. The driver called to the man but receiving no answer told the guard to get down and investigate. He did, but before he reached the ground the man came to life and made the driver and the guard throw their guns and the express box on the ground.

Port captured this man and recovered the gold but the man escaped, the only one, according to rumors, who ever played such a trick on him. He followed this man through Utah and out into Wyoming but never caught up with him and to the last of his days continued to search for him.

(To be concluded)

A MORMON WIFE

(Continued from page 71)

Islanders claimed proper purchase of the land from the Indians while Massachusetts men declared the area was included in their charter. In 1661 Robert Burdick was with a party of about thirty-six Rhode Islanders who moved into the disputed territory, laid out lots, and began to build houses. Robert and others were arrested by order of the governor of Massachusetts. The record states that for "two years they were said to have been kept in prison, for they would not renounce the principle they stood for." Eventually they were exchanged for some Massachusetts prisoners taken by Rhode Island in retaliation.

From this sturdy conscience-minded ancestor, Robert, sprang all the Burdicks who claim an early Rhode Island ancestry.

Thomas Cocke, Ruth Hubbard Burdick's great-grandfather, referred to above, as one of the Protestant martyrs, was burned at the stake for his religion in the time of Queen Mary. Her father, Samuel Hubbard, kept as a precious relic a testament which the martyr is said to have hidden in his bed straw, lest it should be found and burned. It has passed on down through her family and is now preserved in the library of Alfred University, New York.

(Concluded on page 110)



**"Pledge Your Pennies
For Victory"**

NEVER iron terry cloth towels. The iron flattens the loops—might catch and rip. If you send them to a laundry, ask for "fluff" or "tumble" dry. Ironing lessens absorbency too, so you're apt to rub harder on the towels and wear them out more quickly.



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(Concluded from page 109)

Now!

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No less interesting to the Winters children than these stories of the dim past were others more nearly touching their own generation. Their mother could relate at first hand stirring tales concerning the persecutions of the Mormon people. She would tell them how in Kirtland the Saints bent every effort to complete their temple but their enemies harassed them constantly. "My grandfather Gideon Burdick," Oscar had told his wife, "and my father and uncles all labored on the temple, on short rations by day, and at night, with guns in hand, watched to protect the walls they had laid during the day."

In Illinois it was little better. The family settled on the prairie near Nauvoo, where they hoped to cultivate a tract of land; but ere long the mob came upon them and they were forced to move into the city where they could have the advantage which numbers afford.

Oscar recalled, but spared his children the details of, "those awful days in Nauvoo that terminated in the martyrdom of Brothers Joseph and Hyrum Smith—oh, the horror and gloom and heartaches and trial of those days. The very atmosphere was so oppressive that it seemed difficult to breathe." He vividly remembered how the second temple that the persecuted Saints had tried to build was hurried on to completion. He seemed to hear again "the chant of the earnest workers as they tugged at the ropes, pulling up the heavy stones to the top of the building."

In the battle of Nauvoo which was characterized as having been "fierce but not of very long duration" Oscar was in one of the companies defending the Saints.

Later he volunteered as a scout whose duty it was to go ahead of the pioneer companies on the plains and be on the lookout for Indians or other dangers. Oscar was not a member of the Church at this time but followed the fortunes of the Saints for the thrill from the dangers that stalked their way. Later he joined the Church; but, though he took part in religious activities, he was never so deeply engrossed in his chosen faith as was Augusta's mother, to whom Mormonism was the breath of life itself.

Oscar's father, Hiram Winters, and his mother, Rebecca, had waved goodbye to him from the door of their temporary home in Winter Quarters telling him they would follow along in the next company and would meet him in "the valley." Why didn't Oscar wait for that company and wait for his family? Could it have been that he wanted to be near petite Mary-Ann Stearns whom he had known in Nauvoo and who was with her mother in the first company? Perhaps, for, as the journey progressed, the shy young man confessed to the seventeen-year-old maiden a love that was to be as enduring as the wind-swept plains over which they rode together.

It was a queer wedding, you might

have said, that took place on Sunday, August 16, 1852, at Deer Creek, Wyoming, when these two became man and wife. There was no church other than the great out-of-doors, but to the happy participants the ceremony was as solemn as one in more conventional circumstances could possibly have been. The bride herself wrote a charming description of the whole affair:

"It was an ideal camping place with plenty of green grass, pure water and shady trees. Those who had preceded us had cut down some of the tall trees, trimmed them, and laid them in place for seats. They had erected a rude stand by placing two or three logs together for a platform and raising one still higher for a seat with a pole tied across to a tree at each end for a back. A split pole nailed on two posts in the front completed the rude temple in the wilderness. With the early dawn, the birds were singing a Sabbath chorus of praise. All moved around with cheerful quietness and reverence—the men in their clean hickory shirts and the women and children in their starched sunbonnets looked pure and neat, though humble and primitive." The little bride, so she later told her daughter, wore a green gingham dress to be married in, and her husband gave her a bridal present of some money with which to buy something when they reached the valley.

It so happened that Apostle Lorenzo Snow was returning from a mission to Italy and had driven into camp the evening before—just in time to unite in matrimony the gentle little pioneer maiden to the stalwart young plainsman. Many a time in after years Oscar and Mary-Ann were heard to laugh as they rehearsed how "Snow" married "Frost" to "Winters" (the Frost being derived from Mary-Ann's mother's maiden name).

Life on the plains in 1852 was marked by strange contrasts. As Oscar Winters and his bride traveled happily along planning for the future home they were soon to share, they little dreamed that on the very day preceding their wedding, a grim tragedy closely touching their lives had been enacted. On August 15th, when half the journey to the mountains was completed, Rebecca Winters, mother of Oscar, had died of a sudden and virulent attack of cholera. William Reynolds, one of her pioneer company, had salvaged a tire from a broken-down emigrant wagon, and sitting by the camp-fire far into the night with a chisel, he engraved on it the words "Rebecca Winters, aged fifty years." Half of the tire was buried deep in the earth, the other part, with the engraving plainly showing, was left above the ground. As the sorrowing husband, Hiram Winters, beheld the crude marker he prophetically exclaimed, "That name will remain there forever." As we follow the life story of my mother, we shall see that this prophecy is being fulfilled.

IS THERE A GULF BETWEEN US AND OUR CHILDREN?

(Concluded from page 72)

the mother cat who took the center of the stage was gray and white—yes, the kitten who a year ago had been making life so unpleasant for its serious mother, was now the mother. History was repeating itself—the grown-up gray and white cat was now up in arms in her responsibilities with a black member of her brood which was trying to tear down the house. The new mother was slapping her unruly black kitten on the head, trying to keep it in the line of good behavior.

How like the life of us human beings is this story of the cats. Let's not lose faith in that youngster. Let's hold on to him. Let's be tolerant and patient. Ever keep in mind that there was as much human nature with young folk in our generation as there is with the new generation which is worrying us now.

I hope I shall never forget the impressions along this line made upon me as a boy by our old neighbor in the Fifteenth Ward. His name was Ben Guiver. Blessed be his name! He knew that there is as much human nature in some of us as in the rest of us, and sometimes a little bit more. How many who read this page remember the days of the old ugly valentine? Do you men in your fifties remember how you used to treat the front doors of your neighbors' houses with your feet on Valentine's night? Of course, we didn't do those good-looking doors any good by the time we had finished with them. Yes, we were thoughtless,—most kids are. If we had used our knees on those doors when we left the valentine there, it wouldn't have made enough noise. We applied our thick-soled shoe tips to the doors. Yes, I blush about it now, but it is too late to feel bad; we were kids and didn't think. The neighbors got up in arms, and then there was open season on some of us—almost a bounty on our scalps.

But what did our neighbor Guiver do? Did he stand around the corner of his house February 14th from 6 p.m. to 12 midnight with a six-shooter? Oh, no! He understood human nature and under-

stood "kid nature." A couple of days before the night when war was to be declared on front doors, he went to an old shed in the rear of his house and brought out an old dilapidated door and put it upright in front of his varnished door. There were no hieroglyphics written on the door but in great big letters visibly written were the words: "There it is, boys; kick the daylight out of it." And we did. Did we love Benjamin Guiver? We did.

Don't rub your boy the wrong way. Study him and be patient with him, and make some allowances. A couple of years ago David H. Elton, mayor of Lethbridge, Canada, wrote a poem. In spice and value, it is a masterpiece. Let's not have a gulf between us and our children.

A REG'LAR FIRST-CLASS GUY

When you meet a fine young fellow,
Just a robust, careless boy,
And he greets you with a "Hello!"
That just thrills your heart with joy,
If to him your friendship's priceless—
Something money cannot buy,
Then you're what he's pleased to label:
"That's a reg'lar first-class guy!"

It has caused me some reflection,
And I've often wondered why
This acme of deep affection:
"That's a reg'lar first-class guy."
Guys fulfill a useful mission;
Guys support, and guys sustain;
Guys erect, maintain position—
Take up slack, and take off strain.

That's the kind of guys we should be;
Guys that steady and sustain;
Guys that serve, support and strengthen—
Ease the slack, and take the strain.
You have gained the highest title
When the boys you're passing by
Turn and say to one another:
"There's a reg'lar first-class guy!"

Be a Guy to some fine fellow;
Show him how to play the game;
Buck him up and keep him level—
Brace him when he's under strain.
Be to him a real companion—
Not too good, and not too wise—
Just a Pal, and then YOU'RE LISTED
With his "First Class Reg'lar Guys."

—David Elton

EVIDENCES AND RECONCILIATIONS

(Concluded from page 85)

They should do some hard, straight thinking. If they will do so earnestly, honestly, intelligently, and prayerfully, they will soon discover, to their full satisfaction, that no man can "outgrow" the gospel. They will learn that those who "outgrow" Mormonism are not happy. Happiness comes to those only who cling to truth.

It may be said further to those who are tempted, that protection from this type of error comes (1) when as much

regular time is given to the study of the gospel as to the daily newspaper or the weekly and monthly magazines; (2) when, face to face with fleshly temptation, or faultfinding impulse, a man is sufficiently master of himself to say "no"; and (3) when he can place the affairs of his life in the order of their relative importance.

A man who does this will never "outgrow" the gospel, but ever grow in it.

Mormonism cannot be outgrown, because it encompasses all truth.—J. A. W.

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Your Page and Ours

ON Wednesday, May 12, 1943, the appointment of William Mulder as associate editor of *The Improvement Era* was announced, and his name has been so carried below the masthead of each issue since that time. Since May 1944, however, Brother Mulder has been serving with the United States Navy, now with the rank of Ensign, and his status with *The Improvement Era* has necessarily been an inactive one since that time. We of the staff wish him Godspeed in all the days to come, and as we do for all so engaged, send our prayers and earnest hopes for peace and for a safe and early homecoming.

our way. Sincerely your brothers in the service.' (Signed)
Edwin Hines Soliai, RM 3/c, and Garth Guymon.

Sincerely yours,

June Vincent,
Secretary."

Fort McClellan, Ala.

Dear Editors:

DURING the past year the *Era* has been a real friend to me. Realizing its great inspirational value, I'd like you to give to the folks at home a coming year of enjoyment.

I was deeply impressed by the last conference issue. It contains enough food for thought to be read again and again. I firmly believe that the *Era* should be in all the homes of our members.

Lt. C. B. Jolley

Somewhere in France

Dear Editors:

I HAVE been wanting to write for some time, and express how much we fellows overseas, or in the services anywhere, for that matter, enjoy and appreciate your magazine.

I always feel as if I had got my money's worth, and more, after I have read the editor's page. For this is always one of the first pages I read, though I read it from cover to cover. I enjoy every page of it, too. I'll have to agree with our president one hundred percent when he says that every L.D.S. family should have the *Era* in their home.

Your magazine, I know, is going out to the L.D.S. boys in the service of our country. I know for a fact that it is doing its part in keeping us in touch with the Church. We certainly do need the influences of the Church, too, for I know we all have our dark days and run up against trials. I like to read and hear our general authorities, also our local authorities. It makes the way much easier if we do as President Grant says. That is to get down on our knees and ask our Heavenly Father to preserve us in truth and righteousness, and then to live as we pray.

I have been in France since the invasion started and have received several issues of the *Era* since that day. I have really enjoyed them.

I only hope and pray that we may live as we were taught in our homes, and in the Church.

Sincerely yours,

Pfc. Theodore Plumb

Belgium

Dear Editors:

WILL you please extend my appreciation to the author of "His Secret Weapons—Letters," published in the August issue of *The Improvement Era*? I don't know where Sister Bay received her insight into the life of L.D.S. men in the service, but she has expressed our situation as it really is. To her and all who seek to fortify us against the subtle ways of the adversary, I feel grateful.

May *The Improvement Era* continue to enjoy success.

Yours truly,

Merle L. Fairbourn

Dear Editors:

FROM the L.D.S. Servicemen's Committee comes the following letter:

"We thought you might be interested in the following paragraph taken from one of our letters from two servicemen, which pertains to *The Improvement Era*. It is addressed as follows:

"Note to the Editors of *The Improvement Era*: We sincerely send our thanks and appreciation for the splendid work you have done in distributing *The Improvement Era* to the men and women in the service. The magazine not only helps us to keep in contact with the leaders of the Church, but also helps us to live better lives and brings us closer to God. We also enjoy reading the column, 'Your Page and Ours.' We hope this magazine will keep coming

Correction

THE January 1945 cover of the *Era* was a photograph by Francis W. Foster rather than by Jeano Orlando.

Milestone

The honeymoon is over when he takes her off a pedestal and puts her on a budget.

Music Appreciation

Fond Pop: "What makes you think the next-door neighbor doesn't like Tommy's beating on his drum?"

Suspicious Mom: "Well, he gave Tommy a little pocket-knife the other day, and then asked him if he knew what was inside of his drum."

Very Unresponsive

Passerby: "Well, how are the fish in this stream?"

Fisherman: "I really don't know yet. I've been dropping them a line every day all week and haven't got an answer yet."

Sure and Begorra!

Speaking about banks, there was an Irishman who opened an account, his first. At the end of the month he got a statement, which meant absolutely nothing to him, but he was delighted to receive his checks.

"Sure, an' it's a smart bank I'm after dealin' with," he told a pal.

"Is it that, now?" was the rejoinder.

"Faith, an' it is. Them fellers was smart enough to get every one av me checks back for me."

Definition

A mother is a person who, seeing there are only four pieces of pie for five people, promptly announces that she never did care for pie.

Group of "*Era*" Directors from Globe Ward (Globe, Arizona). St. Joseph Stoke. Even though the Young Woman's chairman, Blanche Smith, was ill during "*Era*" Week, she directed all phases of the campaign, making 370% of their quota. Left to right: Lorenzo W. Smith, Blanche Smith, Ralph Fuller, Flora Willis, Ethel Youngman, and Bessie McFarland.



SUGAR BEETS

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Sugar beets will assume new importance in 1945 for food, for feed, for munitions. So growers must plant more beets. Consumers can also help by using the sugar that's grown and refined in their own areas.



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